PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Vol. 1. No. 5. 5s.

SEX IN MODERN ART by **SHELDON WILLIAMS**/**WOODY ALLEN** in his nudest film epic/**A CASANOVA CURIO** by **ALAN HULL WALTON**/**PETE BRADY** in **FASHION**/**FICTION** by **GERALD KERSH, HENRY SLESAR, WALTER HARRIS**

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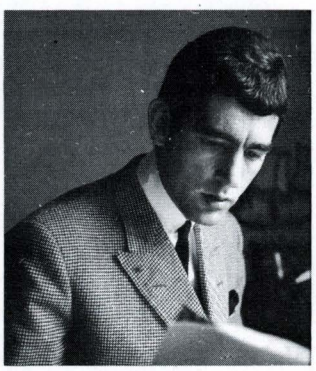
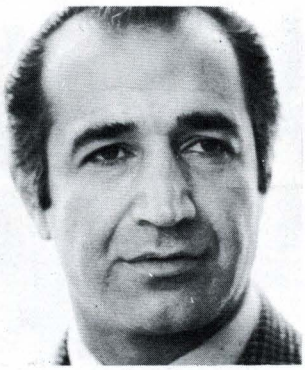
Sheldon Williams



Mike Ward



Hatami

Tony Common

The never-ending quest for PENTHOUSE Pets, though it abounds with fascinating and rewarding experiences, is as complex as it is exciting. The discovery of each new candidate for Glamourdom's top honours brings with it a veritable host of qualifications other than the purely visual. This month editorial opinion was unanimous when peremptory Pet, Amber Dean-Smith, a talented artist and journalist with publishing credits to support an ambitious career in the making, happened across our path. Amber, admirably visual (as is more than evident in our 11-page dedication, not to mention cover) qualifies on all counts. She has never been photographed before; she is an intelligent, well-educated girl with informed opinions and the ability to communicate constructively with others—in all, an eminently worthy hostess for Britain's largest-selling quality magazine.

Sheldon Williams, who penned the first of this month's leading articles, *Sex In Modern Art*, brings the authority of an international reputation to any discussion on the historic and evolutionary aspects of contemporary art. Shel, whose paintings are represented in various private and public collections in Britain, Europe and the Americas, does not allow his own emotional involvement with art to obscure the reportorial objectivity upon which his reputation as critic and historian are based. *Sex In Modern Art* is an analysis not only of the immutable interrelationship of art and sex but of the continuing liberating influence that discovery and experimentation in the arts has on social attitudes in general.

Second in this month's collection of cultural curiosa is contributing editor **Alan Hull Walton's** masterpiece of literary detection—a never before published snippet of the celebrated Memoirs of Casanova. *A Casanova Curio* is typical of the sometimes farcical adventures in which the incurable romantic, motivated more by curiosity than the craving of his loins, found himself embroiled. Walton's discovery of the forgotten episode and its publication in PENTHOUSE marks an event of considerable literary and journalistic importance.

Walter Harris

On the lighter side, **Woody Allen's** first excursion into the perilous world of cinematic comedy, *What's New, Pussycat?*, is denuded of any artistic pretence in an 8-page pictorial report on the sort of filmic footage that censors agree to disagree with. These scenes are not included in the British and American version and were photographed exclusively for PENTHOUSE by **Hatami.**

Further booty of a fictive nature is headed by *A Lucky Day For The Boar*, **Gerald Kersh's** sardonic tale of political brainwashing, revolutionary intrigue and poetic justice—a typically Kershian construction in which all the familiar elements of the master storyteller's art are present. *Murder Out Of A Hat* is another fearsome feather in the cap of suspense-master **Henry Slesar,** who, drawing the inevitable hair-line between mystery and reason, confounds, irritates and deceives the ever discerning but regrettably ill-fated detective in all of us. Moving from suspense to fantasy, PENTHOUSE regular, **Walter Harris,** bedevilled author of many a similar and sulphurous tale, again summons the Devil as his foil in *The Second Youth Of Henry Ainsley*—24-year-old **Tony Common,** fast becoming a major talent on the graphic art scene and welcome newcomer to these pages, illustrated the text.

To the muse of humour we dedicate the unwieldy shape of *Sex And The Single Hippopotamus*, **Jonathan Clements'** fable of an incurably amorous beast who, having loved not wisely but too well, gets the cure after all—and **Norman Thaddeus Vane's** *The Spider Shop*, which offers, with complex but murderous accuracy, a goose-pimple peep at the very latest in consumer-humour.

Zooming in on the fashion scene is the (impeccably dressed, of course) figure of permanent PENTHOUSE resident, **Mike Ward,** discoursing wisely on the linear logic of stripes for this year's leaner look. A close perusal of Radio London personality, **Pete Brady,** guest model for this month's fashion feature, will reveal the logic of Mike's forecast.

To round off our fifth edition there is the usual salty spray of cartoons, ribald rimes, a unhurried view of Chinese restaurants in *Limehouse Grub-Crawl* and another instalment to the editor/reader spanking controversy in PENTHOUSE FORUM—all in all, a festive spread that Bacchus would have dearly loved to get his hands on—now tuck in and feast well.

PENTHOUSE

The Magazine For Men

Vol. 1. No. 5.

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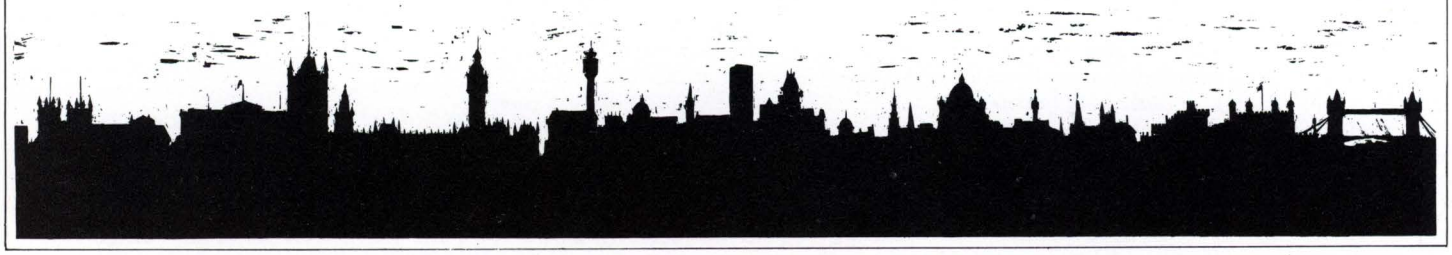
VIEW FROM THE TOP



Invisibility Somewhat Fairer

The Alice In Wonderland world of women's fashion, which it seems treads from one stage of lunacy to another, has now scrumped an idea from folklore and placed on the market a garment that we feel would have appealed to The King Who Wore No Clothes when he was in his prime. It's an *invisible* bra and girdle team called "The Body". A veritable second skin, so they say. The support lies, not in bones or panels or whatever, but in the varying strength of the mesh. The invisible mesh, that is. Now the question is, amongst others, how does one buy such an invisible product? Say one's true love dropped a gentle hint that "The Body" was what she wanted above all for her birthday, what would be the outcome? Lacking little in intrepid spirit, we went along to a large London store to find out. A sprightly girl assistant, who, for all we knew, or cared, was wearing the "Body" beneath it all, greeted us with an uncertain smile.

Us: We would like "The Body", if possible.
Assistant: Certainly, sir. What kind of body did you have in mind?
Us (*resisting several desires*): The *invisible* body.
Assistant: What kind of body is —
Us: You know—it's virtually a second skin. With variable mesh. And invisibly resilient support. You *know*.
Assistant: Oh, *that* kind of body. Who's it for?
Us: The wife. Sized 36-20-36, or thereabouts.
Assistant: Wait a moment, I'll see if it's in stock.
(*The girl assistant wanders off, and we wait in uncomfortable silence; waiting for the invisible Body to appear. Neither of them shows up. The shop manager shows up, however, and frowns at our incongrous presence amidst all the fineries of underwearland.*)
Manager: Can I help you?
Us: Well, we're waiting for "The Body". The invisible Body.
Manager (*paling terribly*): Oh, I see. I hope you don't have long to wait.
(*He leaves in a tactless hurry, and once more we stand about, trying to appear at home in the ethereal surroundings. An old lady gazes at us in profound terror, and her face emits a soundless scream. At this moment, to our inestimable relief, our assistant returns, wide-eyed and at home with our problem.*)
Assistant (*proudly waving a box*): Here we are—"The Body"!
Us: Wonderful. Can we see it?
Assistant: Alrighty.
(*She opens the box, brushes aside drifts of tissue, then slowly lifts her arms into the air. She remains in this statuesque pose for what seems a lifetime, while we stare glumly on.*)
Us: Well, where is it? Where's "The Body"?
Assistant: It's here—I'm holding it up! It's *invisible*, don't forget.
Us: But how do we *know* you're —
Assistant: I assure you that Madame will know; she'll feel the variable mesh support at work, the modern miracle of resilient. . . . What's the matter, you *blind*, or something?
Us: Okay, you win. Wrap it up.—If you can.

Well, we paid the seven guineas demanded and went out of the store, convinced that a wicked plot was being hatched right beneath our nose. And before we handed over what we were sure was just an empty box, we sighed and reminisced about the good old days of yore, when a dolly's frillies were tangible, and gaily coloured, with the swishiest of fringes; and above all, easy to track down. Goodness knows what'll happen now, as the very act of sex is reduced to an invisible, complicated guessing game.

Do The Locomotion

When first the long-playing record "*The Power Of Steam*" (Argo ZDA 35) dropped into our laps we cried "Hail to Thee, Blithe Spirit of the Railroad Past!"—and let it go at that. But now we're so familiar with the contents of this record—stereo renditions of some of the great steam locomotives at work and play—that the sheer poetic sounds, as well as being engraved deep on our hearts, haunt our lives with that fearful weapon nostalgia. Who in their right mind could dispute the magical charm of Basingstoke on a dreamy summer afternoon, when the locomotive named "King Arthur Class 4-6-0, No. 3074" intermittently hisses steam before thundering away into a Wagnerian chorus of brakes, pistons and the clatter-clatter of wheels on steel? And what dreamer among us has not day-dreamed long of a double-chimneyed Jubilee Express engine as it slammed joyously up the Lickey Incline, on the Bristol to Birmingham line, caring nought for man nor beast in its fervent race against time? Truly "*The Power Of Steam*" fills a gap in our lives with dramatic thoroughness; we can bask in the comfort of our own bucket chairs, re-living all kinds of railway delights whensoever the feeling hits us. But why should it stop there? Is the sound of railroad locomotion the only sound worth preserving for posterity? Oh, Argo, wondrous recording company of the Fulham Road, spread your wings and soar into a sunshine kind of future; heed not the warnings of your staid accountants, but pledge your soul to the cause of sounds homegrown, and don't delay a single day! The subjects who await your little tape recorders are virtually endless. Here, then, for your deliberation, is an endless list to serve as a starting point. From thereon in, you're on your own. Firstly, what price the London Diesel 27 Horse-Power Omnibus? Here on your own doorstep is a divine subject; can you not hear at this moment, in the wind, the thrilling sound of a scarlet-trimmed No. 93 bus as it screeches willy-nilly down Wimbledon High Street and mows down a mile long queue of potential passengers? Or a romantic No. 11, those giants of the King's Road, as it ticks over quietly for an hour or more in the warmth of Shepherd's Bush Station, while outside the winter wind doth blow,

and greasy Jim doth keel the battery? Then, moving reluctantly away from the motorized world, there are the fabulous sounds that accompany the snackbar set wherever they squat. Who would not trade a king's ransom for a high-fidelity recording of Irving Brain's fabulous feat of stuffing 114 liver-sausage sandwiches at Freda's Transport Café on 8th May, 1962? Alas! it cannot be, Argo were not there on the scene, there is no "*Power of Irving's Gullet*" to wonder at. Likewise Miss Exotica Barnyard's momentous downing of 64 pints of bathtub gin that foggy October morn of 1864 can be heard no more. Verily the mind goes off on a boggling spree when it considers the lost opportunities that have been—what about, for instance, the grave-diggers of old; in particular the late great Moribund Boone, that surly knight of the shovel, who could scoop out a six-foot reopener in the wink of a bleary eye? How well he would sound on vinyl as he sweated away several choruses of "*Music To Lie Down Forever To.*" Woe, for Moribund's shovel is still, and his corpse reclines in one of his own shoddily dug graves. The tragedy is that no living-room soirée will list to his brand of old-time craftsmanship; the scrape on chalk and the squelch of wet clay were for Moribund's ears alone. But that's how it is. The pages of history must lie in bleak and colourless silence. However, there is high hope in the air, if only Argo Records Ltd take note of this impassioned plea, and go about their important work wearing the cloak of dedication, wielding the sword of high fidelity for the cause of social realism, and forget, once and for all, the lure of the Top Twenty. It's the only way to get ahead of those Russians.

Voice to the Lovelorn

"Girls should not go alone to the flats of strange men or invite them to their own rooms," says the Bishop of Leicester, the Right Rev. Ronald Williams. He warns girls in his Diocesan Leaflet: "All virile men carry a tiger in their tank which, once out of control, can easily lead them into situations and actions they would not have contemplated in a calmer moment."

Sun

And whatever you do, don't serve them petrol.

The Gnu Morality

"I use one week's family allowance each month to pay for my birth-control pills."

Letter in *Daily Mirror*

That's one way to stop the rot.

Sporting England

"Council officials at Wigan are trying to trace a secret drinker whose miniature whisky bottles have several times put a petrol station out of service. The drinker—they feel sure it is a woman—disposes of the bottles by flushing them down the lavatory. Each time she does it, the station comes to a halt while equipment is dismantled and the obstacle removed."

The Guardian

You've got a WHAT in your tank?

Theatre

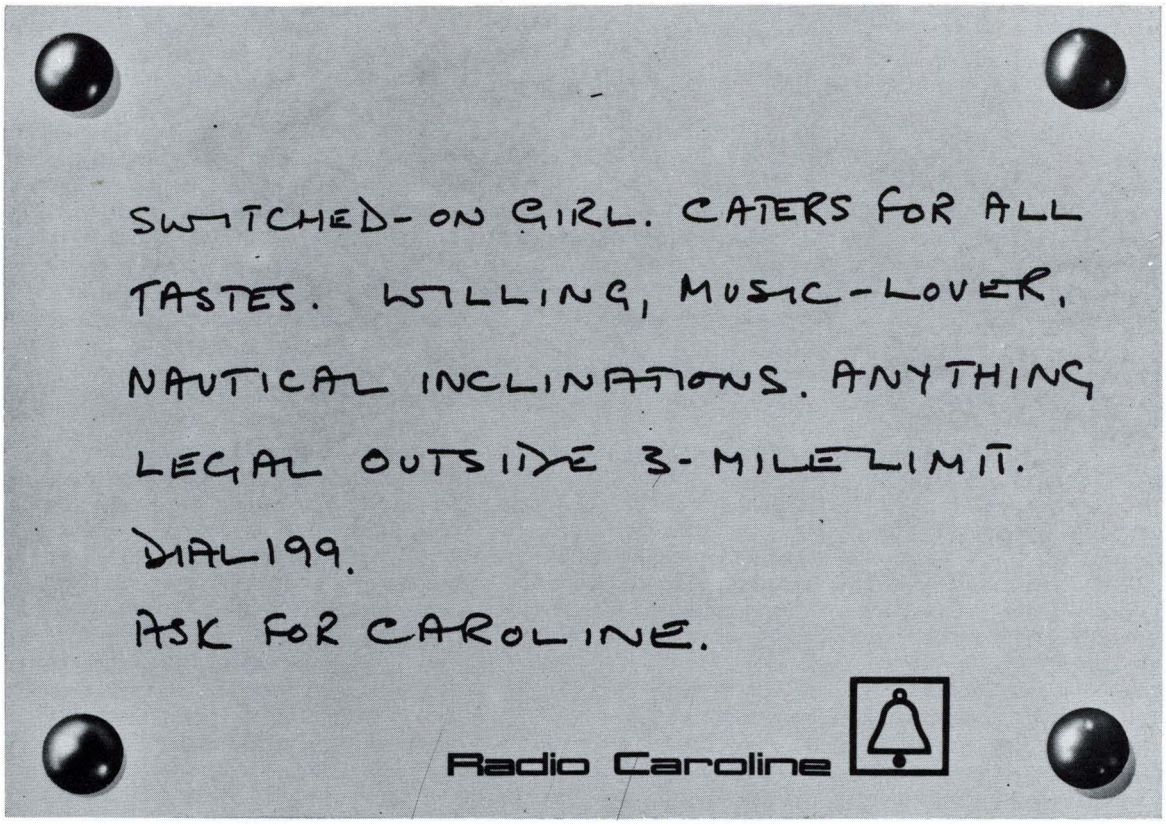
by Norman Thaddeus Vane

"Any Wednesday," at the Apollo, is a sickly conglomeration of all-American schmaltz baked into one cloy cupcake. *They* have been producing this play in all its variations on Broadway for as long as I can remember. All the old ingredients are there, the industrialist with wife and mistress. The wife discovers the lair of the affair, the mistress gets morality.

The lines are as sophisticated as Joe Miller's Joke Book, the acting as sure-footed as a monkey dangling from a banana peel. Ugh! Heap lots of corn. We wish certain big American producers keep 'um big Broadway hit back on his own reservation.

"The Passion Flower Hotel" is the kind of musical where they should have closed the show out of town and brought in the dancing. It is three hours long, but seems like six. It is like inviting into your living-room five precocious brats that proceeded to annoy the hell out of you all night long.

It is the story of five schoolgirls bent on operating their own bordello. The performance level of the kids is straight sixth-form girls having one of their end of term Balls. Come to think of it, the ending of that last sentence sums up my whole feeling



on the entire evening. It also sums up what the whole book lacked.

The girls share ignominious distinction and I cannot single out even one for special condemnation. However, if you like your young things rather gawky, gangling and doe-eyed, perhaps Jane Birkin is your cup of tea. Anyway, she seemed to over-act much less than her compatriots. The dancing had a zest and verve entirely not in keeping with the rest of the thing. I imagine in this kind of show the dancers and the actors must hate each others guts. That bad boy of the English theatre, Wolf Mankowitz, is usually erratically brilliant. Let us say this is one of his efforts in a minor off-key which proves there is a sheep lurking in every Wolf's clothing.

There is a curious similarity between the girl in "*Repulsion*" and Maurice (Peter Blythe) in **"The Creeper"** at the St Martin's. They are both lost and alone in the dark woodland of their sickness—and each without motivation kills twice savagely. Edward Kimberley lives in luxurious detachment from reality with an eighty-two-year-old servant. To his world he brings a succession of boys, but denies homosexual affiliation with them. They are companions of his whims, he indulges them extravagantly and then after six months when he has picked their brains; dismisses them back into the real world.

"*The Creeper*" is a fascinating and complex vehicle for three masters of chess play. Eric Portman seemed a little off his brilliant best. But Peter Blythe as a young strangler is as morbid a piece of grotesquery as has haunted our fancy in many a long Pinter of discontent.

Films

by Norman Thaddeus Vane

"Darling," directed by John Schlesinger, is very derivative of a Chekhov short story called, curiously enough, "*The Darling*." It is a rambling study of an aimless young woman, who gambits from man to man in search of that fragmentary illusion described as love. Her hunt is long and arduous before she discovers the meaninglessness of the word and her own life. On the way she discards a husband, a lover, a homosexual buddy, and finally an Italian prince. She uses them all. Love is abandoned in the end for materialism which reminds us of the philosopher's snipe—"If you can't get what you want, make money." It is a second rate compromise which leaves her a virtual prisoner of her prince, her only salvation being in oblivion.

She is the "darling bitch" of predatory London society. Apathetic in her affairs, her pointless life drifts from one mattress to another, a victim of fate's whim. She gives in to everyone and never to herself.

Laurence Harvey is a cool, brittle cynic who has adjusted to his society and knows how to exploit it to his own devious ends. He plays the heel with an ironic and terse edge that has the cold brilliance of a diamond. Dirk Bogarde as the cuckolded lover is sympathetic and pitiable. It takes him far too long to retrieve his testicles, which, if he had been a stronger character, he never would have lost at all. Memo with a moral.

Julie Christie, is the fated femme. The part demands much more than her resources can give. She plays the role off the top of her head, which is probably the top of her talent. Not anywhere near good enough to fire this film with the lean meat of life.

The script must have been good despite its disjointed lack of focus. It has lines as crisp and succulent as a mouthful of rock candy. I like the flavour of its decadence, never coy or wishy washy, just plain smack in the face smut and no cringing. The bathos is there, but we never drown in it. It is wicked with its French orgy soirée, but wickedness with a lovely gleam in it. One is drawn to its gleam like a pussycat to cream. Its homosexuality is candid and uncluttered by petty *im*-morals.

The blame for its lack of fulfilment must be with Schlesinger's sweat-on-hand nervous direction. The film slips away from him as often as he controls it. It needed a clear objective mind to pull it all together and give it weight, instead of weightlessness, and substance instead of slipperiness. It flops all over the place like a pair of dirty underpants in the wind. And careless? That last shot of the Cockney charlady in Piccadilly singing ironically a sentimental Italian ballad, with that long microphone flex running down the bottom of her dress and out of

VIOLETTE LEDUC

LA BÂTARDE

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frame. Mr Schlesinger, you should slap your electrician twice on the wrist for that. I don't mean to be bloody-minded, but *do* Cockney charladies walk around Piccadilly with microphones tucked in their bosoms . . .?

Books

by Norman Thaddeus Vane

"Justine" by the Marquis de Sade. An unexpurgated translation, with notes, bibliographies and an introduction by Alan Hull Walton. A Corgi book, 7/6. A faithful translation from the original manuscript of 1787, together with expansions and selected variants from the editions of 1791 and 1797.

I think the French critic, Maurice Blanchot, is *not* guilty of a classical misunderstatement when he says: "Nowhere in the world, and at no other time, has there been such a scandalous book in the whole of literature." "Justine" is the eternal, long-suffering symbol of her sex; maligned, misused and degraded, but masochistically she emerges unscathed, undestroyed and pure as the driven snow. If ever there was living, breathing proof that the masochist's ability to endure is more lasting than the sadist's compulsion to punish, this is it. Our heroine is the epitome in passive resistance to evil, she does not reform or even change it one iota, but it does not change her one particle either.

Without question, "Justine" is the Candy of her day. Those critics who take the position that this is *not* a pornographic work are dead wrong. It *is* pornographic and it is delicious and it is wicked and sexy and that is why we love it and that is why we read it and that is why we buy it. So let's stop kidding each other by alluding to this book's great intellectual pretensions. If any exist in the original they have been paled into insignificance by latter day psychiatry.

De Sade's philosophy comes across today more than a bit naïve and is just about as objective as a religious fanatic. The Marquis, I'm afraid, is a figure who does not grow in stature or dimension with time. His work is classic only in the sense that he opened up literature for a lot of other writers in generations to come, like Henry Miller, Mickey Spillane and perhaps even Tennessee Williams.

Alan Hull Walton's 82-page intro is a meaty hors d'œuvre to the main course, and provides an easily readable insight into the de Sade psychosis. He peels it like an onion, one layer at a time. He has, without question, done the best job of translation to date. We offer him our congrats.

One thanks Corgi for having the guts to bring off this hot little number. The episode with the Monks which takes up the centre of the book is the most racy bit and points out how close guilt, sex and religion are entangled, as any popular 20th century novelist and Cecil B. de Mille in Heaven know only too well. . . .

"La Bâtarde" by Violette Leduc, prefaced by Simone de Beauvoir, acclaimed by Jean-Paul Sartre, sold 140,000 copies in France and makes its English début under the Peter Owen banner. It is a rambling auto-bisexual's self chastisement. Young Violette's well of loneliness is steeped in guilt, the flagellant of all literary homos. Violette is a victim of the gulf between daughter and mother. At school she finds first love in the arms of Isobelle. These love scenes are felt with the exquisite sensitivity that only those writers of the twilight zone can describe. This part of the book makes the reader feel like a voyeur, an interloper on an intensely intimate ménage-à-deux. From Isobelle she transfers her deep longings to Hermione, a masochistic school teacher who endures several years before moving on when Violette's sadism is depleted.

The bulk of the book after that is a long account of her life in a publishing house and later a film company and ends with her a black marketeer in World War II. I kept wishing for more of her lesbos libido, but there wasn't any. It is only in the Collette-like gossamer etching of young love that the book reaches full poignancy. When the chrysalis of her adult life opens what emerges is a hairy spider, a relentless, pitiless portrait in self-abnegation out of which Madame Leduc's books later crystallized. There is in them a great indulgence in the literate and lyrical word which is terribly French and very rare in contemporary novels.

Sounds

by Jonathan Clements

Dinah Kaye/The Roaring Twenties
(*Society 913*). It's unusual these days to hear a really gay record, but this is one, although it has its unique sexual complications. For Miss Dinah Kaye seemingly drifts back to the days of Sappho of Lesbos in the sentiments she so swingingly utters. Harken to her ultra-feminine voice purr such lines as "Just cast an eye in *her* direction" or "Ain't *she* sweet, see *her* walking down the street" or "Somebody stole my *gal*" and you begin to wonder just where Miss Kaye's affections really lie. But then, the record's only ten bob, Tubby Sykes and the Powerhouse Seven create an authentic sound and, as said before, a *gay* time was had by all. It seems a shame though that Miss Kaye is so goddamned pretty . . . and yet, so far away.

The Many Faces Of The Capitol Showband
(*Pye NPL 18119*). One face alone emerges from this collection of Irish jiggery-pokery and that is the face of a big band trying not to sound like one. Although the Capitol Showband is alleged to be the current musical rage in the Shamrock Isle, one has to dig deep for reasons, and plough a path through the tepid and tuneless vocals, and the incongruous tunes—*Brahms' Lullaby* and *Bould O'Donoghue* rub shoulders with alarming intimacy. No, the appeal of this record must lie in its cover, which features the musicians in most beguiling poses: Butch a'swinging, Jimmy a'twanging, John a'tapping, Eamonn a'leering and others similarly engaged. Of course, *there's* the many faces.

Bing Crosby/Among My Souvenirs
(*Ace Of Hearts AH 90*). It stands to reason that for anyone who prefers melody and humour to screeching and deadpan mediocrity, this one should be a good bargain. And it is. Plucked from the Decca archives for the occasion are such Crosby classics as *Mr Gallacher and Mr Shean* (with Johnny Mercer) and *Basin Street Blues* (with Connie Boswell) all mixed together with a sprinkling of more modern renditions to keep the hi-fidelity addicts happy. Of all the crooners Bing is the one who, like some comfortable and friendly sports jacket, wears the best.

Bluegrass Hall Of Fame, Vol. 2
(*London HA-B 82227*). This probably sounds good if you've a quart of rye whisky on hand, but faced stone sober it is a thing of horror and dread to behold. And the 5-string banjo is not the friendliest instrument to spend sixteen tracks of cowboy wailing with, even if Earl Scruggs, whoever *he* is, is there to play it, three-finger style and all. And the rest of the performers, from Jim Eanes and his Shenandoah Boys right down to Hylo Brown's Lonesome Pine Fiddlers, all sound horrifyingly like Lonnie Donegan's lost relatives trying to get in on the act. A droll note is struck by a certain Carl Story in his (surely satirical) version of *I Heard My Mother Weeping*. But the rest is played as straight as poker and, if you get too close, they'll put you off *Wagon Train* for life.

The Alexander Brothers/Two Highland Lads
(*Pye GGL 0329*). As Robert Burns once said:

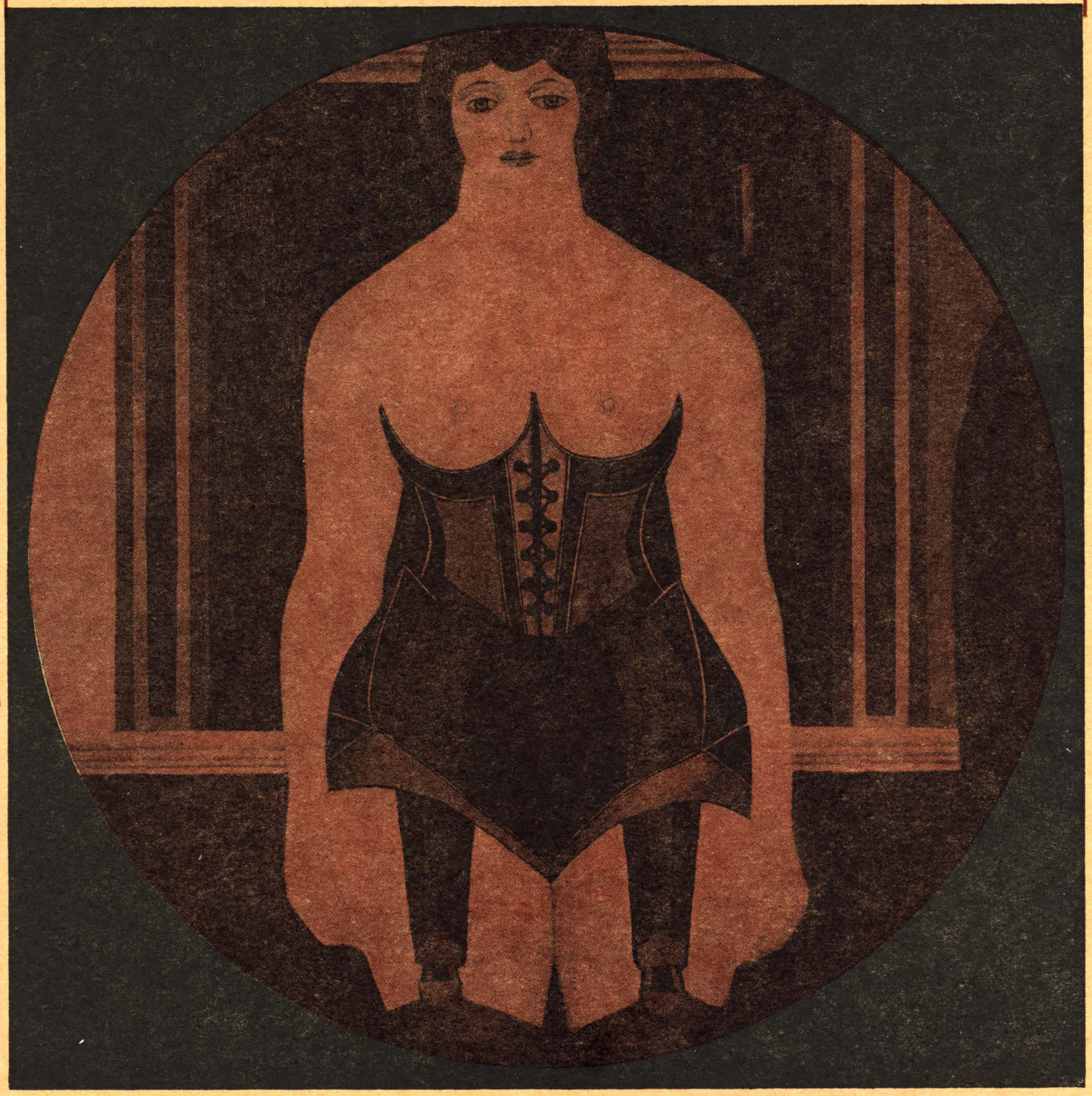
"Whyles owre a linn the burnie plays,
As thro' the glen it wimpl't;
Whyles round a rocky scaur it strays,
Whyles in a wiel it dimpl't;
Whyles glitter'd to the nightly rays,
Wi' bickerin', dancing dazzle;
Whyles cookit underneath the braes,
Below the spreadin' hazle."

And this, whatever it means in English, applies to this record. Two stars for honesty of purpose, though.

sex in modern art

VENUS NAKED IN THE LIVING-room. *Erotic symbolism categorised on canvas. The high priestess of the witch cult making the three-fingered sign. Configuration of obsessions laid bare by the research alienist. These are just a few among the physical elements of Modern Art.* □ *The artists, traditional rebels, have—in the twentieth century—thrown away the last of Society's precious taboos. To-day, paintings and sculpture are made in the language of the sexocologist and the scientist. Contemporary art offers equal prizes to the seeker after truth and the purient. In destroying the conventional, the artist has painted the "unmentionable". He has set himself up as sole arbiter of what he should or should not create. Against such totalitarianism, the law is virtually hamstrung. Only in countries where the State is all-powerful have painters and sculptors had to accept censorship; and the price of such censorship has been emasculated art. Libel laws and legislation against pornography struggle feebly to combat the unlicensed progress of the plastic arts, but in the main such legal shifts are blocked almost before they start.* □ *Has outraged propriety a case against the modern artist?*

by sheldon williams



Detail of "I – II" by Richard Lindner

IT ALL BEGAN IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY WHEN ARTISTS REALLY got down to the problems of realistic portrayal of the female form. There is a drawing of *Eve* by Pollaiuollo in the Uffizi in Florence that is so perfect a personification of womanhood that it is small wonder the killjoys of the time became worried.

In a few years' time (Pollaiuollo's drawing is dated somewhere between 1465 and 1470) their concern was moderated by Leonardo's definition of "the modesty pose." He called on all artists to defer to the scandalized by refraining from showing the naked female with her sex unsheltered either by crossed legs, a figleaf covering, a diplomatically placed shred of veiling or a well-posed hand.

Leonardo believed that such artistic ruses would allay a wholesale onset upon the arts by sex-disturbed philistines.

He was wrong.

The fate of the "lost" Botticellis, burnt on Savonarola's bonfire to preserve Christian eyes from the awful fate of seeing paintings of naked ladies, must rank as high in the lists of fanatical iconoclasm as Hitler's famous Burning of the Books. Indeed, ever since the attack on Renaissance values of Classical beauty by the "Reformers," the art world has been divided between those who believe that an artist by the terms of his calling should have full artistic licence and those who see in art's approach to the carnal at best an unbridled *Vie de Boheme* and at worst a dangerous weapon that strikes at the roots of Society's *lares et penates*. How successful war against the artist has been is seen in sharp controls which governments have tried to impose upon painting—in the name of protecting Society from the disruptive influences of treason, blasphemy and pornography—for nearly 400 years in the Western World.

Even today, it is still a good headline in the tabloids when a provincial museum or gallery rejects a picture on grounds of *nudity*. An echo of Leonardo's modesty stricture still hangs on in French law which forbids public exhibition of pubic hair by performers in nightclubs. And there are still countries which demand the same observance in works of art.

But the artist has been hitting back.

The Fête Champêtre painters, Boucher and Fragonard in the 17th and 18th Centuries, whilst they frequently held to Leonardo's precept, went so far in presenting woman as seductive in her nakedness that they outraged prudery even more than they would have done if they had shewn her as a plain undecorated nude. The example of Boucher's Miss Murphy romping on the bed with her pet dog, while conforming to the modesty pose, is a pleasing if hardly edifying picture of a plump little girl of pleasure free from straight lacing and immortalized by the artist in her most playful mood.

Boucher and Fragonard were no doubt out to please their libidinous patrons, but in doing so they made a successful bid for artistic freedom. In vain, their critics might fulminate. By cloaking their models in classical guise, the painters could—tongue in cheek—respond that they were doing no more than pay homage to the giants of ancient Greek and Roman literature.

Earlier still, Hieronymous Bosch, favoured artist of King Philip of Spain, had already shown that a formidable champion could inspire a freedom of expression that excites envy of artists even in our own time. Not only did he tantalize his Saint Anthonys in paintings of their temptations with teasing nudity, he also saw an opportunity to fire his royal master's passions by introducing images of exotic sexual deviation so that the devout Philip might cheerfully run his eyes over scenes of coitus on horseback, sow-headed nudes caressing naked men and, in the "*Musicians' Hell*", displays of anal flautists, all with the comfortable assurance that such monstrosities were painted as moral lessons.

These skirmishes on the frontiers of aesthetic respectability took place before the coming of MODERN ART.

Whatever pundits may agree—seeing the great change in our aesthetic attitudes as springing from the works of Rembrandt, or the humanist involvement of Goya (himself at loggerheads with the Establishment of his day over his relationship with the Duchess of Alba and the devastating honesty of his two great paintings: "*The Maja Clothed*" and "*The Maja Naked*," so much so that he had to retire from social life and hide his caustic wit beneath the acrid imagery of the "*Capriccios*"—a series of etchings in which he attacked obscurantism of the clergy and the moral hypocrisies of the Spanish nobility and middle-class)—whatever the claims of such esoteric theorizing—in the main people would agree the real changeover from the past into the present took place about 60 years ago, ushered in by the Impressionist revolution. The Impressionists sounded a new tocsin for honesty. Manet was soon in hot water for his "*Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe*." In the words of Dario Durbé, a former Director of the Cultural Institute of the Commune of Livorno *"It was exhibited in the Salon des Refusées and caused an unprecedented scandal, not only on account of the formal innovations, but also because of the unaccustomed subject, which was considered immoral, since a nude woman was shown seated with men in contemporary clothes." Later the same year (1863), Manet painted another picture of the same girl—his model, Victorine Meurend—this time as "*Olympia*," a harmless enough subject copied from Titian's "*Venus of Urbino*" at the Uffizi. The Salon, which had rejected the "*Déjeuner*" in 1863, accepted "*Olympia*" in 1865 almost as if deliberately provoking a public disturbance. The familiar scandal broke out again—yet all that Manet had done was to paint a recognizable girl naked on a bed attended by a black servant.

Admittedly, Manet was causing a stir because of his revolutionary methods of painting, but there can be no doubt that those who hurled abuse at the Impressionist master were actuated more by fury at his honest interpretation of the female figure than his investigation into plein-airism and the "new" painting. They equated honesty with immorality. Manet by painting middle-class values free from romantic frosting deeply offended the middle-class.

Just as the Church had once seen in the liberty of artists a dangerous form of seditious attack upon authority, so now prosperous shopkeepers and men of the professions were alarmed to see *ordinary* girls in their birthday suits. By a quirk of paradox that has lasted to the present day there is a form of prurience that adopts a high moral tone and demands (and expects) lubricity amongst demi-mondaines and poules-de-luxe, but is genuinely appalled and taken aback by the *artless* beauty of the girl next door if she is not wearing any clothes. And of course, if she wears her nudity with a smile . . . that makes her a hussy! It is this line of moralizing that still bedevils modern values.

As if to capitalize on the mores of both schools of thought Degas chose the notorious world of ballet in which to make his own stand for realism. It is perhaps hard to imagine a time when Ballet, now the respectable darling of music-lovers and intellectuals, had its own double-standard for the public. In Degas' day, for every "balletómane" there were ten gentlemen at the theatre on the look-out for a pretty young girl dancer of easy favours.

It was this group that Degas incensed when he showed the ballet girl unglamorized, sometimes crouched inelegantly on a bench during intervals, her head bowed with exhaustion between her knees, or freed from her stays and glistening with sweat as she lumbers out of a hipbath in her apartment and grabs for a towel. This was not the vision that the sugar-daddies had built up of the *petits rats*!

If Degas was prepared to destroy the illusions of stagedoor johnnies, the dwarf Comte Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec went further. He sought to strip the gilded trappings from off the whole edifice of respectable vice.

Whatever the psychological reasons that drove Lautrec (a keen horseman before the boyhood accident that stunted his legs forever, and a typical scion of his ancient family) to the easel, there can be little doubt that his lugubrious features and pathetic figure helped to make his passion for Paris' most famous bagnios a natural outlet for his appetite for female society. What is not so clear is why this nobleman, steeped in tradition, should have become one of modern art's pathfinders, not only in his creation of a personal style but also in the sociological postures he took in his paintings.

Lautrec *did* paint the triumphs of such music-hall vedettes as La Goulue, Yvette Guilbert and Jane Avril, but in doing so he spared them no hint of physical flattery. He painted them with a sharpness often bordering on caricature—the fluttering pastel looks of Mlle Avril were as mercilessly etched as the fulsome vulgarity of the red-peruqued La Goulue.

Back in the brothels, he employed the same vindictively clinical means to paint the harsh realities of boredom in the pointless life of a trollop. With a keen eye for the verities behind the red plush and ormolu, he chose—of all subjects—to make the scene of the regular V.D. inspection at a well known Maison-close into one of his greatest paintings.

This drive for "social honesty" in painting was revolutionary at the time. It is a devastating criticism of human behaviour that in spite of the sophisticated progress made intellectually and technologically by the West in the last hundred years, the *reality* of Degas, Toulouse-Lautrec and even, at a pinch, Manet, is still regarded as shocking by many alive today.

This kind of abrasive honesty was but the beginning of the breakdown of sex-barriers in modern art.

Once artists had established a bridgehead along which they could make a sortie against congealed attitudes about nudity, they were able to use this foothold from which to launch a major assault upon hidden secrets of the human condition.

Picasso, seen by some as a Faustian creature torn between a romantic and prettified conception of womanhood and a desire to avenge himself upon some (unspecified) injury suffered at the hands of womankind, has vacillated throughout his career as an artist between poignant portrayals of the lean girls of his Blue Period and the monsters he created for his seashore pictures. In his earliest experiments with Cubism he took flight from accepted anatomy and began re-arranging the human frame to suit his purposes. Sometimes the effect has been electrifying, so that even the least art-conscious is made aware of a new meaning for femininity. Always, this side of his nature has shown a total disregard for the sensibilities of his models (and they are generally female), so that in a sense he has merely been continuing the revolution begun by Manet. In a Picasso nude all is made plain. As Albert Tucker, the Australian painter puts it: "When Picasso paints a woman, his first act is to establish the primary sexual characteristics."

But where Picasso differs from his predecessors is that he injects a large proportion of his works with an element of wry humour. While he is mangling and distorting on canvas the bodies of his models, he is also laughing at them. It is a type of unkindness that can only be modified by compassion. Anyone who has seen his studies for the Weeping Women of "*Guernica*" or his paintings of "*Françoise and the Children*" will readily accept that he has an abundance of this human quality.

Picasso, dominating the contemporary art world for so long, has had a profound and liberating effect upon painters of his own generation. It is difficult to lay down with certainty the extent of the influence which one artist, however great, has upon his fellows. Would Van Dongen, for instance, have painted the gay girls of the twenties with quite the same abandon if Picasso had never existed? At the time—forty years ago—the Dutchman's long-limbed, boyish party-goers with their bubikopfs and Eton crops seemed the epitome of erotic sex. Van Dongen painted them with considerable panache in the classic pose of seduction, naked except for their silk stockings and bijouterie. Their eyes were rimmed with kohl and they smoked their Egyptian cigarettes through long jade holders. Thick high heels on their irridescent slippers were stuck with glittering diamanté.

Van Dongen grew older. His notorious parties became less frivolous. He developed into an establishment figure, a society portrait painter. Only a few years back he painted a "salon" picture of Brigitte Bardot. This may not sound like revolutionary progress, but in his day—his heyday—he struck his own personal blow for Sex in Modern Art.

Pascin too, (the Rumanian who was widely regarded as a wild libertine because of his telling pictures of ladies of pleasure and the air of corruption that hangs stealthily over his studies of young girls in their first years of puberty, but who was really a lonely figure who fell back on the idle chatter of prostitutes as a fantasy escape from a world of few friends) was able to distil a special brand of introspection in such a way that a whole new vision of women, sometimes lightly clad in a slip but more often lounging in easy nakedness, was added to the world's aesthetic consciousness. The nervous line that brought these balcony girls to life was augmented in the paintings by subtle washes of pale colour. In the drawings shading was achieved with pastel, with the pubic hair smudged in with the black chalk that he handled with such genius.

Such artists are obvious noncomformists.

Modigliani, handsome penniless "Modi," is more difficult to place. True, he brought a different version of nudity to canvas. He gave his women the necks of swans. But his approach to painting was traditional and classical. He invested his pictures with order in the same way as Renoir (another classical painter in romantic disguise). His midinettes and mistresses became—in paint—goddesses. They were—in this sense—anti-real. Certainly, Modigliani hid nothing of their glorious bodies following, in his own way, the social realism of Manet, but they are so translated from ordinary life that it is impossible to see them in terms of the girlfriend. Picasso, Van Dongen, Pascin, Modigliani, and many others amongst their contemporaries, have acted as middlemen between the original realists of the Impressionist Era and our own day. They were the great individualists who ushered in the latest developments not only in style but also in the sexuality of modern art.

Amedée Ozenfant, who hardly fits into the pattern of this monograph except as a teacher and philosopher who speaks from the strength of having been himself an innovator and pioneer in modern painting, once said that all painting (and all the visual arts for that matter) is basically sexual. To prove his point, he declared that every curve represents a woman, every straight line a man. Assuming his theory to be correct, he pointed out that there can therefore never be *total* abstraction in Art. The most non-figurative painting is—therefore—secretly figurative. But leaving aside for a moment the continuing battle between abstract and figurative artists, what he is suggesting is far more important. If Ozenfant is correct, sex is the absolute motivation for all creative works in the field of the plastic arts.

This is a particularly Freudian view.

Consciously and unconsciously, Ozenfant's dictum has had a penetrating effect upon modern artists.

This leap forward in artistic understanding is easiest to see in Surrealism. Without bothering too much about the Surrealist concentration upon the value of dreams as direct inspiration—a subject large enough for a book on its own—the mainspring of the movement, currently and seen in retrospective, is in the application of Freud's views upon Sex which Surrealist artists have imposed upon their own works.

Suddenly, sexual orthodoxy has been realised to be a thin façade behind which lurk all manner of physio-psychological heresies. With deliberate intent, artists like Salvador Dalí have painted the fantasies of phobias and manias (in so doing, directly following the advice of psychiatrists who tell their patients to face their fears and weaknesses, if possible, by making a picture of them). Paintings like the "*Spectre of Sex-Appeal*" (1936) and even the "*Average atmospheric-cephalic bureaucrat milking a 'cranial harp'*" for all their heavyweight dramatics are powerful documents of introversion.

Dalí also shocked the bourgeoisie. In one of his "constructions" he threw into sharp evidence the phallic reference of a french loaf, and he was quick to realize the compulsions of fetichists in his paintings of shoe-drinkers. The innermost feelings of those who recognized their "secret lives" in Dalí's paintings were exposed. Those affected thought his interpretations of their private lusts and the way in which he opened the cupboards on their well-heeled skeletons were obscene.

The high-priests of Surrealism have long since rejected Dalí whose progressive religiosity and auto-P.R. methods have made him unacceptable as a serious artist to them. But side-by-side with Dalí, other Surrealists like René Magritte and Paul Delvaux have been hard at work displaying what lies beneath the threshold of the subconscious.

Delvaux, in particular, has filled a ghost town with zombie-like nudes of photographic realism who glide down its streets—without a stitch on—in a cool manner that has an extraordinary hallucinatory effect, further emphasized by the bowler-hatted and cravatted clerks who are their fellow inhabitants of these cities of daylit night. (It is an interesting sidelight upon Delvaux's activities that he is, and has been for a long time, the darling of collectors in his native Belgium.)

Magritte—another Belgian—has been more concerned with the symbols of fantasy. Boots sprout toes of flesh-and-blood. Into space fires a toy cannon (itself a sex-symbol of great potency, and not so much off-beat as all that in the light of a comment by a delegate at an *abortion law reform* meeting who said "I can get pregnant at the sight of a bicycle!"). White marble cubes and globes set in a landscape of pine forests. Magritte is also well known for variants upon the theme of the "immaculate corpse"—six carefully and separately framed pictures of parts of a naked woman which are hung up, in order, upon the wall. The shuddering reactions Magritte evokes are generally intellectual rather than emotional, but sometimes he can touch a raw nerve. Few who have seen his "torso portrait" will ever forget the way in which the thick blonde wig was draped across the top of the trunk whose nipples became eyes, the navel a mouth, and the pubic hair a dense goatee—all painted in remorseless realism against a background of everlasting blue sky. Such works are contributing subject-matter ideas rather than extending the range of paint itself, but there is no denying their arresting power nor the manner in which they subsequently haunt memory.

During the hightide of the Surrealist revolution, the "other" artists had in the main drifted into abstraction and near-abstraction. Although—according to Ozenfant—they were painting their own version of sex just as vividly as the sur-Realists Dalí, Magritte and Delvaux, they roused the philistines to mockery ("Anyone can paint a square and a circle!") rather than outraged savoir-faire.

Tachisme in France and the arrival of the American action painters and "abstract-expressionists"—the famous drip-dry artists—during the post-War period left Sex (except for de Kooning's pictures of "*Woman*" and his portrait of "*Marilyn Monroe*") more or less to the surviving surrealists. The horrific Jackson Pollock "*Circumcision*" (Peggy Guggenheim Collection) in which the canvas appears to be spattered in blood is an exception even in his florid oeuvre.

But mainstream surrealism continued. A veteran like Hans Bellmer could still bring blushes to maidenly middle-class cheeks as late as last year when he showed his "*Tour-menthe poivreé*," a work of terrifying carnal obsession based upon penis worship, at the 1964 Surrealist Exhibition held at the sedate Galerie Charpentier in Paris. At the same exhibition, another proto-Surrealist, Alberto Savinio was represented by a "*Suzanne et les Veillards*" of nightmare compulsion in which classically garbed owl and hind discuss the ample posterior of the dormant Suzanne. Paris, which had forgotten the old terrors of the Surrealists, thronged the red silk corridors of Charpentier.

The surrealists exude the atmosphere of the casebook. On a more pedestrian level, but scarcely less gripping, the German and mid-European Expressionists have been also peering into the hinterland of behaviourism. Oskar Kokoschka, the septuagenarian Czech artist, was early aware of the sado-masochism latent in most strata of Society. In a famous illustration to his own play—"*Mörder, Hoffnung der Frauen*"—he shows the lover, his foot firmly planted on the midriff of his Valkyrie while her hand twists in his groin. The raised knife in his free hand (he is holding her upraised arm in the other) points up the cruelty of a strong sexual situation.

Georges Grosz, constantly in gaol for upsetting the Weimar Republic's sense of propriety, picked his way through Isherwood's "*Berlin*" with the delicacy of an alley cat examining carrion. He too made his comment on the sado-masochist in sex with a drawing of murder in which the happy bourgeois is seen making his quiet getaway from the slut's room as her headless body droops from the rumpled bed. Grosz's fine linear sense makes this grand guignol episode eternal.

Today, the acceptance of Sex's role in Modern Art is universal. In America, William Copley continues the tradition of Picassoid humour in fancies like "*Sword Dance*," a fencing girl in an Empire-line decolleté wearing a mask of black rose-strewn lace and flexing her epeé in buttoned black-gloved hands. Copley's "*Defense de Fumer*" is also a sex-joke. Under patterned rayon gauze (lace-curtains?) the legend NO SMOKING is printed in plain black lettering across a pair of balloonlike buttocks. Also in America, German-born Richard Lindner paints with neo-primitive accuracy the science of tight-lacing. The armoured mysteries of corsets with hawser suspenders supporting hosiery that looks like plumbing suggest an interest beyond the amateur in fetishism.

Souza, from Goa, paints oriental girls that look like expensive toys. He gives them just that acrid touch that ensures that these are luxury fruits right at the point where they will turn putrescent. He shares with Picasso a dualism in his approach to the nude, half in love, half misanthropic. A sprawling blonde is decked in sparklers—and nothing else. In another violent canvas, titled simply "*The Rape*," a brave woman wrestles with a monster, erect and muscular, who is at the point of penetrating her weakening defences. Souza is usually quiet about his work, but when I asked him about a large painting in which a girl is fighting to get out of her corset (a tangle of elastic round her ankles), he was more forthcoming. Why, I wanted to know, was this domestic drama taking place against a background of glowing scarlet. "She's in Hell," Souza said.

The Spaniard, Cuixart, an abstract painter of stormy pigment, decorates some of his canvases with charred dolls. "*Cuixart's Muñecas*," the Spanish press calls them. Another Spaniard, the sculptor Cubells, carves undulating pillars of polished wood in which the primary sexual characteristics appear almost as if by accident. Such artists are typical of the times in which we live but, directly reflecting the middle-60s of our century, Pop Art has brought about yet another culture glimpse into the world behind appearances.

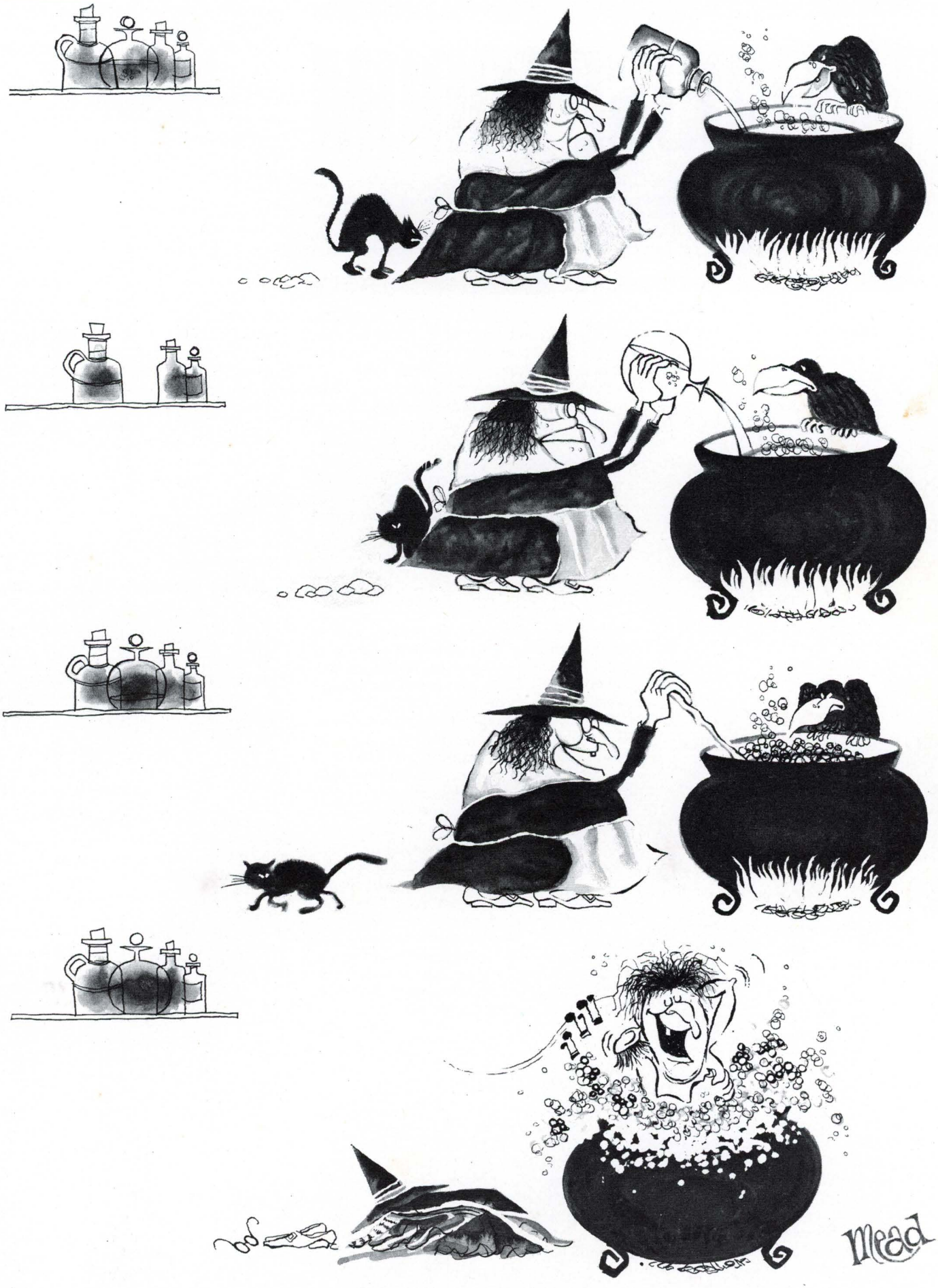
Peter Blake, doyen of the British pop artists, was early in the field with his "*Girlie Doors*"—collages clipped from rotogravure nude mags, used in the same way as a sailor papers the wall next to his bunk. American Roy Lichtenstein paints enormous blown-up cuts from comic-strips. Mel Ramos in his show at New York's Bianchini Gallery last year presented pictures of "*The American Woman*," tease girls who looked as if they and their surroundings were reproductions of poster advertising. Sex, from being an unspoken activity of the double-standard in fin-de-siécle morality has moved on through Freudian interpretation to the stage where the artist sees it as an everyday happening upon the hoardings.

Does this mean that the Powers Model has taken over from the Mona Lisa? No final solution could be less likely.

Artists of today, in gaining their freedom to paint what they like and how they like, have exhibited a surprising control and auto-discipline over themselves. A painter like Balthus can still create a picture of a schoolgirl sufficient to hypnotize the beholder into believing he is looking at a neo-innocent in the heated moment of orgasm. Such an impression requires knife-edge sensibility or the image collapses and becomes banal. And Balthus is only a tiny part of the story of Modern Art . . .

Round the corner, there are certainly developments in painting of which no one has yet dreamed. Only one thing is sure. Short of all the world's artists becoming completely dehumanized, a single element will remain constant in their work in one form or another—the naked girl.

**Edouard Manet, by Dario Durbé (Oldbourne Books 1963).*


Mead

PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which editors and correspondents alike discuss topics of general interest to the PENTHOUSE reader. Any reasonable subject, whether directly related to actual articles or stories appearing in PENTHOUSE or not, will be considered for discussion in these columns.
Whilst every effort is made to encourage and promote a cross-section of readership opinion, the views expressed in these columns are not necessarily those of the publisher, his editors or staff.

Corporal Punishment

In December, 1961, PARENTS MAGAZINE published a reader's letter concerned with the caning of girls. This letter touched off a nation-wide controversy which did not subside until late in the Spring of 1962. PARENTS followed up with an objective and dispassionate article on Corporal Punishment by Professor John Cohen, whilst continuing to print an impressive selection of reader's reactions to the thrashing and caning of children and teenagers.

In PENTHOUSE *Vol. 1 - No. 3, reader J. Hudson, writing in reaction to R. E. L. Masters' notes on the beating of girls in THE ANTI-SEX (Vol. 1 - No. 2) has touched off a similar controversy. The following is a further representative selection of readers' views for and against the various points made in Hudson's letter:*

I would like to make some comments on J. Hudson's letter in PENTHOUSE, NO. 3, in which he voices his opinion—if it is an "opinion"—on the beating of girls.

Whilst I am fully aware that many modern girls are far from being angels, I find Hudson's statements to be quite sinister.

He contends that since girls have apparent equality with boys, they should be punished in the same way. Perhaps he will consider that many experts—and he can hardly be considered in that context—involved in juvenile correction lay great emphasis on punitive measures of a psychological nature —not corporal!

Perhaps, instead of their years of research, practice and resultant conclusions, they really needed Hudson's curious advice.

Girls are not boys—and I rather suspect that Hudson is very well aware of this. I am quite sure that any attempt to administer beatings or "whippings" to girls would have serious psychological consequences, and would be firmly stamped-on by doctors and all those responsible for juvenile care.

Womenfolk have, generally, been revered by men since time began. They obviously react to the requirements of their menfolk.

Many modern girls may behave abominably because modern boys ignore them otherwise. This is described as being "in" or "way out" or "with it." These expressions, or the behaviour which they describe, were instituted by men—not the girls.

Hudson rightly blames men for the wrong reasons. If the chaps raise the standards, the girls will follow suit—in order to please, which is one of the many nice reasons for their existence.

I don't think anyone is likely to take notice of Hudson's obvious sadism, nor do I think his lewd demands for "detail and technique" will be answered.

Clive I. Stafford,
Edwin Street,
Gravesend.

Yes, I agree with Mr J. Hudson that a serious article on the punishment of teenage girls would be welcome—and timely. Meanwhile perhaps I can offer a few suggestions from my own experience.

We ourselves have two teenage daughters now aged 17 and 15 respectively and both my husband and I are firmly convinced that the shocking manners and general bad behaviour of most teenage girls are entirely due to the present-day silly softening of punishments. I have taken good care that my own girls have not been spoiled for the want of whipping, and they are as smart and pretty and happy a pair of modern misses as you will find anywhere. Until my daughters marry I intend to keep them firmly in hand and my own upbringing has convinced me that there is only one way to do that. If every mother kept a cane or two in the wardrobe the modern girl would soon learn a little respect for her elders.

J. S. (Mrs),
Oxshott, Surrey.

I am writing to deny the fantastic statement by Mr Mathieson that "beating a woman's buttocks soon causes sexual orgasm."

This is all part of the male "wish-thinking" that any treatment they care to offer us is to be received with pleasure and a thankful heart; what arrogance!

His sequel "hence hand caning in girls' schools" did not apply in the co-ed schools in Scotland 30 years ago. That devilish device, the split tawse, was applied to the rear end of boys and girls alike, and I can assure him from my own painful experience on three occasions that eight unbearable slashes did not even remotely begin to excite the sensations he suggests even if it might be true that the headmaster found his task stimulating; which did not enter my head while my other end was flinching from the increasing sting. In any case, I was too concerned with my frantic efforts not to give way in front of the other boys and girls to recognise what was the possible effect upon him. Perhaps, at 14 or 15, I was too young to think such a possibility could result from an experience which left its visible marks for 30 days and a vivid memory for 30 years. Now in my maturity I just do not believe that even an older woman could experience such a conclusion from this form of torture.

PENTHOUSE is to be congratulated for airing this subject and it would serve a useful purpose if some factual information could be given upon the questions:

How many Education Authorities still permit corporal punishment for girls?

When permitted, is it ever *now* allowed to be applied to the seat?

I rather imagine that Mr Mathieson will find this practice has been reduced from "decreasing" to "defunct."

Joan Angus (Mrs),
Clapham, London.

From standard procedure in my own home and personal knowledge of many other parents' (friends') attitude towards this problem, I can with some confidence correct an impression held by your reader, J. Hudson (PENTHOUSE FORUM, VOL. I, NO. 3), that domestic discipline of teenage females appears (to him) to be sadly lacking in England today.

We have two teenage daughters, one now 13, the other 16—both of them uncomplicated and robustly happy scallywags. And I can assure J.H. that whenever their mother considers the misbehaviour or precociousness of either of the girls really warrants it she doesn't hesitate to treat the offender to a sound spanking.

The punishment is perfectly understood and ruefully accepted by the girls as a just and sensible reward for gross impertinence or serious misbehaviour, the procedure being quite simple and most effective, with chastisement being administered as near to the time of the offence as is practicable.

The culprit is taken to her bedroom and (in case she is in the slightest doubt) the reason for which she is about to be chastised is clearly explained to her. She is then told to raise her skirt and lie across the edge of the bed (when they were quite young a position taken across their mother's lap proved equally convenient, but more latterly this became somewhat impractical). Her mother then lowers the girl's pants and proceeds to thoroughly strap the exposed bottom until its owner can't sit down comfortably for quite some time afterwards.

And as above mentioned, I can further assure J.H. that this form of correction of errant children (boys and girls alike) is by

no means exclusive to my own household. For not only have many parents of our acquaintance assured my wife and I that they actively support similar methods of domestic discipline, but our own girls have reported that a large percentage of their schoolgirl friends admit to being similarly dealt with whenever an aggrieved parent considers it to be necessary. This knowledge possibly accounts to some extent for our own girls' reluctant acceptance of this perfectly natural method of preserving order and harmony in the home. Most of the girls who said that they had never received corporal punishment—and indeed ridiculed the very idea of it—appeared to come from poorer-class homes, where it may fairly be thought that a lazy, couldn't-care-less attitude towards their children's upbringing prevailed among the parents.

In conclusion, as to the various instruments and methods used, it would appear that the strap is more popular with fathers, while most mothers and governesses seem to prefer using some form of switch or cane—possibly because they have discovered that a rigid instrument is easier to apply effectively than one which is flexible. (My wife is apparently somewhat of an exception in this respect, as she has always used a strap on our children.) In the cases of very young children and infants it was agreed by most parents that father's hand or mother's hair-brush warmly applied was usually quite sufficient to influence the youthful transgressor. And it was also definitely indicated from our inquiries that irrespective of age or sex most children were chastised in privacy and invariably on the naked buttocks.

John Fletcher,
Didsbury, Manchester.

I was interested to read the letter from J. Hudson of London, N.W.3, on punishment for teenagers in VOL. 1, NO. 3 of PENTHOUSE.

As a mother, aged 38 years, of two daughters aged 12 and 15 and a son aged 14, perhaps I could help Mr Hudson with his problem.

If my daughters or son misbehave, I talk it over with the one concerned, or, if necessary, with the whole family. I then decide what the punishment is to be, and I tell them.

I administer the punishment to my daughters and my husband deals with my son.

The punishment takes the form of a beating with a leather tawse. I have two different weights, one with two tails and one with three tails. The punishment takes place in the bedroom and can vary from two or three strokes on each hand to a few strokes on the bottom with the skirt lifted up, leaning over a stool.

I do not find any difficulty in getting my family to take their punishment and on talking this over with friends I find that this is the quickest, best and most usual form of punishment, indeed even I have been punished in this way by my husband.

A tawse can easily be purchased from a saddler for a few shillings.

Good luck to PENTHOUSE. I and my husband think it is a fabulous magazine and have put a regular order into our newsagent.

Irene Kennedy,
Edinburgh.

I did notice the article by R. E. L. Masters to which your correspondent J. Hudson referred in his letter in your last issue, but his suggestion that the problem of the corporal punishment of girls is worthy of serious discussion in your column is a sensible one. May I offer the following points as a basis for discussion?

1. In view of the notorious age-long association between flagellation and sexual perversion the subject requires particularly careful and honest scrutiny of motives.

2. Punishment of any sort is at best a regrettable necessity, and even a confession of failure. Corporal punishment for either sex should always be a last resort. It will always be inappropriate, and even harmful, more to girls than to boys.

3. But there are wider emotional and psychological differences between individuals of either sex than between the two sexes. Some boys should never be beaten; some schoolgirls certainly envy their brothers this traditional form of punishment—painful, but quickly over and forgotten by both parties—and bitterly contrast it with the prolonged moral disapproval, and even public humiliation, which is their lot. Cannot this be more psychologically damaging than a sharp thrashing by a trusted parent? I have never known a schoolboy who has long resented a deserved caning. I have known many middle-aged women who have never forgotten or forgiven the moral blackmail to which they were submitted as children at school or in the home.

4. Granted that for some girls corporal punishment may be effective for some offences, when and how should it be applied? Seldom, certainly. It should be rare, severe (otherwise it is pointless) and appropriate to the offence committed—e.g., persistent and serious disobedience, stubborn refusal to listen to reason or to respond to milder forms of punishment; above all, cruel or callous behaviour to others. I think it should be reasonably formal, but certainly administered in private. Beating on the buttocks (the only safe and effective place) necessarily involves a certain degree of humiliation, and this should be reduced to a minimum. The object of the punishment is not to humiliate, but to inflict sharp physical pain, of short duration and of a type to cause no lasting harm, though sufficiently severe to be memorable.

5. The method employed will depend on the age of the child and the seriousness of the offence. A young child who offends can be immediately put across the knee and smacked with the hand or the back of a hair brush. An older child should be beaten in her own bedroom, preferably in her pyjamas or nightdress, which would preserve her from avoidable humiliation without giving her undue protection. And surely she should be beaten by her mother, as a boy by his father.

6. The instrument used should again depend on the age of the child and the severity of the punishment appropriate. For most purposes a gym shoe is very effective, though perhaps for a really serious offence a light cane might be preferable (but where would one buy this?). A maximum of six hard strokes should surely suffice; and if an older child is really unwilling to submit to being beaten is not this a sure sign that the time for such punishment is past?

I imagine that today most parents would regard any form of corporal punishment, however rarely used, as an indefensible barbarity. I would ask such people seriously to consider whether some alternative forms of punishment may not be more permanently damaging to both child and parent and to their mutual relationship.

R. D. Baldwin,
Bristol 7.

I have just read PENTHOUSE while waiting in my husband's office for him to take me out to dinner. On reading your extremely cogent and dispassionate articles on abortion and prostitution, I believe that PENTHOUSE is a magazine for men and women who are switched on!

In reply to Mr J. Hudson's letter (PENTHOUSE FORUM), my own experience may be useful. I have two daughters aged 14 and nearly 16. In bringing them up I have used only one punishment, beating. This is an ultimate resort and it enables an offence to be punished quickly and put out of mind, leaving no hard feelings. My daughters are happy, strong spirited girls who believe that they are more than equal with boys and would gladly forego the (they think) unwanted girl's privilege of not being liable for caning at school.

Recently a schoolfriend of theirs stayed with us for some months as her parents were abroad and I once had occasion to cane all three. The friend later told me she thought that it was considerably the lesser evil to having five weeks pocket money stopped, the penalty in her home.

As to technique: beatings must always be given in private, humiliation is completely unnecessary. I order my girls to the bathroom where they bend over a chair raising dress and slip above the buttocks, which remain covered by nylon panties. I have used a gym shoe, giving four strokes, but I normally give three strokes with a cane, which should be light, flexible and made for this purpose; a riding whip is a good substitute. Accurate aim is essential, blows wide of the bottom are cruelly painful. "Six of the best," or possibly eight of the slipper should be the maximum punishment.

I am convinced that within these limits and up to 16 years, although many would

say 18, a good sound beating is a swift, sensible and highly effective punishment for all normal healthy boys and girls.

Helen Gray (Mrs),
Chelmsford, Essex.

Your correspondent, J. Hudson, is plainly worried about the beating of women. I share the same morbid interest in this subject and would like to set him straight. He is, in fact, talking about a sexual perversion. Any attempt to carry out this activity in the belief that it has anything to do with ethical training is blind wickedness amounting to rape.

However, spanking the female bottom is really a sexual game, and there are rules to be observed: (1) Your partner must be willing and derive as much pleasure as yourself; (2) It should lead to normal relations; (3) Remember that it is a game and that nobody is supposed to get hurt.

Name withheld,
23 Rue Brey,
Paris 17.

My husband has just shown me his copy of PENTHOUSE, NO. 3, and I would like to comment on J. Hudson's letter. I would not dream of caning my daughters even though the youngest is now 19. She and the next, who will be 21 next month, are working but still live at home. With the large pay packets young people now get, and the opportunities to get in to mischief, the need for discipline and a firm hand in the right place is certainly not diminished. A weekly bare-bottom spanking is usually enough to keep them in line.

When I was young I was an awful tease, and when we were courting I tried to keep my husband-to-be on tenderhooks as long as possible. Finally, in desperation, he put me over his knee and despite my outraged squawks flipped back my dress, lowered my panties and put me to the question with the back of my own hair brush. I often wonder if any other girl ever accepted a proposal of marriage in quite such an unorthodox and painful situation. Unfortunately, as he started so he has continued, and I fear that my hairbrush has put in more work on my tender bottom than ever it has on my blonde tresses. Spankings still seem to hurt as much as ever, but there is enough of the woman in me to make me love my husband all the more. In her innermost heart a real woman will love to be spanked by a husband who is man enough to tan her bottom whenever she deserved it.

H.F.B. (Mrs),
Fareham, Hants.

As an opponent of corporal punishment, in all its forms, you will perhaps allow me to comment on some of your letters.

First of all Ian McNeill refers to modern psychiatry as claptrap; this is surely a very sweeping generalization and thus not worthy of much attention. Then what follows is remarkable, that is if linguistic indicators are at all valid. It seems on the threshold of sheer fantasy of sexual charade . . . "Her mother fetches a slender, swishy cane from the wardrobe. The grim order 'bend over' is given," etc. His younger girls, we are told, are caned about six times a year. Is this proof of the effectiveness of corporal punishment?

Secondly, Norma MacKay says . . . "but if I did anything really bad I would not hesitate to allow my father to cane me though I am now 23." No comment is necessary.

Thirdly, Richard Mandeville uses a strap rather than a cane because he feels it is more humane. I cannot see a rational judgment criterion here.

In conclusion, from these letters and other sources, the British are not enemies of "The Lash." Our Continental neighbours do not apparently need to beat their young.

Is corporal punishment perhaps The English Disease?

John Mathieson,
Priory Road,
Kew, Richmond.

Sado-Masochism

Walton attempts to cover too much ground with his Sado-Masochism article, but he makes his point. If a man was to be publicly hanged in Trafalgar Square there would be a stampede for tickets. I think, though, that sadism is closely allied to man's instinctive curiosity, and the two are often confused.

I agree when he says that violent thugs desire power, but not when he advocates greater discipline in schools, presumably inferring thrashings. If a child is rebellious, wilfully stupid or inclined to play truant then beating him will only confirm him in his attitude that society is against him. Rather we need more teachers who are trained in psychology, not Freudian rubbish, but Adlerian psychology. A child needs to be encouraged. Too often I've seen a master exercise his wit at the expense of some "backward" boy, making him a butt for the rest of the class. Before society educates the children it must educate the teachers.

Modern hooliganism is a result of frustration, a lack of problems and purpose. In our society everything, with the exception of a house, can be had for a small deposit. Consequently nothing is appreciated. In the 'twenties and 'thirties material comforts were a goal in themselves and because times were hard and everyone was occupied with constant problems, hooliganism was non-existent. The American racketeers of that period were the discouraged sons of fanatically ambitious Italians, Jewish and Dutch immigrants. The English poor have always been more inclined to cheerful acceptance and the East End hood has never been as ambitious as his U.S. cousins.

David A. Giacardi,
East Dulwich Road,
London, S.E.22.

Pubic Hair

I totally agree with Mr Baker when he says that you should dare to print photos of girls in which you can see the pubic hair. In my opinion this is something normal because everybody has this. I am sure that nobody will care because those who don't like nude women will not buy PENTHOUSE. Mr Baker is, in my opinion, also right about the white breasts and bottoms.

I would like to know if it is possible to leave the pages with the Pet-of-the-Month as a loose insert sheet so that the picture remains undamaged.

Pierre Ganssen,
Maastricht,
Holland.

Reading my PENTHOUSE, I see there was a remark by George Harrison Baker. When taking photographs of the girls in the nude, he asked, "how long before it would be possible to photograph pubic hair without it being hidden by hand or lingerie, etc." Myself, I think it would be a good idea but I know it will take quite a while before this can happen. What does the Penthouse Panel feel about this question?

I didn't realize until I read my recent copy of PENTHOUSE that a certain number of females were also reading it. A letter by Elizabeth Savory—Vol. 1, No. 3: "True, PENTHOUSE is really a man's magazine, but if the fair sex is also interested perhaps it might be a good idea to print some photographs of men and this would also help to boost up the sales."

Cpl S. D. Hillson, R.E.,
A.W.T.C.,
Keil,
B.F.P.O.15.

What is so shameful about mons veneris and its beautiful forest? Perhaps the Viet Cong are hiding in there. I don't believe in defoliation, but I do support fair exposure.

Peter Anderson,
Tackley Place,
Oxford.

Communal Nudity

My boy friend and I have just been loaned a copy of PENTHOUSE and we certainly think it to be the most up-to-date magazine so far.

We are both 23 years of age and consider we are mature enough to say that we are past the silly teenage stage. I must say that I never expected sex to be so freely shown and discussed and although your magazine is obviously for men I found it vastly entertaining.

I should like to pass on a word of advice to one of your letter writers who wants you to put yourselves in the hands of the law by publishing "real nudies—pubic hair—and all." Tell him to get a girl friend who shares the same opinion as he does, his curiosity could then be solved.

I was delighted to read of Miss Bambi Lynn-Davies' views on sex, that it should be fun, natural and wonderful. I agree, it is.

My boy friend and I have sex whenever we are both in the mood for it, and this is essential for the complete fulfilment of intercourse.

The Prudes and Anti-sex people will rush in and say that intercourse is for the purpose of continuing the human race and should be confined to that purpose only. My reply is that if that is so why has Nature confined the conception time to only a few days each month?

We are quite happy with our relationship and are planning our marriage for next year.

We have recently paid our first visit to a well-known nudist camp near London, at which one does not have to be a member, but merely pays an entrance fee. I had heard that this place was patronized quite a lot, but the number of people there certainly surprised me.

They ranged from two-year-old children to veterans of 80. They roam the woodland in complete nudity, play volley ball and all sit together for meals, the young children showing no interest in the naked bodies of the older people.

Sex hardly raised its head anywhere, and except for two couples who were indulging in a spot of heavy petting, we saw no signs of physical reaction on the part of the men. Quite naturally I admired the splendid bodies of the males while my boy friend was taken up with the many different types, sizes, and shapes of the girls he saw wandering around, but they produced no physical response in him.

The experience proved what we had been told, that communal nakedness does not go hand in hand with sexual experience.

If your magazine would be interested in an article on "*A visit to a nudist settlement*," quite gratis, if you make some mention of me or my initials in a future editorial I shall know we are on a basis of mutual trust.

Kathleen B.,
Wigston, Leicester.

One Man's Meat

I received your edition of PENTHOUSE this morning, but I must confess I was really disappointed in it.

Firstly, I thought it was a first-class pin-up magazine, but I was wrong to start with. I am a collector of pin-ups like June Wilkenson, Rochelle Lofting and Sabrina with the over 40-inch bust, also considered the top three. I like them from 38 inches to start with, with that full and largeness about them and really something to admire. A Yankee magazine quoted "it's what's on top that counts" and I am ready to agree. Nadie Daroska has the biggest bosom to report, a steady 45-24-37. I don't think there are any takers on this side of the Atlantic. Without a doubt, she stands alone and a credit to the female figure.

N. T. Green,
Portview Road,
Avonmouth,
Nr Bristol, Glos.

I was dismayed by the letter from G. Henry that you published in your 3rd issue—dismayed because his idea of beauty is one which I hoped was dying out. He didn't like the photographs of "flat-chested teenagers" (Linda Richie) and asked you to take a look at the "women" in the American publications. He still clings to the strange American concept of beauty: the larger the better—huge bulging breasts and fat hips. This concept reflects the pre-occupation with size that affects every aspect of American life, and I hope not many British hold this view. Surely most people in this country prefer slimness to plumpness and regard the shape of a breast far more important than its mere size.

Also, his use of the word "teenager" suggests that he objects to youth, which I find strange. Physically girls are at their peak soon after puberty.

I hope that when your picture editor has a choice between publishing photographs of a young slim girl (like Linda Richie or Diana Dunn) or a mature plump woman, then he chooses the former.

B. R. Ashby,
Harrow, Middlesex.

The Fourth Dimension

With this modern era of fashion, with the vital statistics of the female form, we have so far the measurements of their breasts, waist and hips, total of three, but there is one missing—and I quote, I think a very important statistic, and that is of the dear and delightful derrière. Do you think that perhaps sometime in the future, that a lovely girl will permit her beautiful derrière to be measured? This is the fourth and vital one.

R. P. McManis.

P.S.—Cristie Bock, gypsy talk, good luck.

Bambi Re-visited

Miss Bambi Lynn-Davies, now! You'll have to search far and wide before you hit upon a lovelier Pet-of-the-Month. As long as girls like her find their way to the pages of PENTHOUSE you can forget all that drivel about *Playboy* girls having larger breasts, etc. Miss Lynn-Davies not only has got a beautiful and most seductive body, with a pair of the loveliest breasts ever pictured in any magazine, but in addition a face as sweet and as naughty-innocent looking as I have ever seen. Permit me to say, Sir, a heartfelt "WOW!" and to express my wish for a speedy return of Bambi to the pages of PENTHOUSE.

Birger Formo,
Postboks 281,
Alesund, Norway.

I recently located the latest copy of your magazine which my husband purchased. Excellent, even as a 32-year-old mother of three I found the photography refreshing. However, what about action on the lines suggested in letter from P. D. Johnson of Hampton, Vol. 1, No. 3, third paragraph.

The pictures of Bambi on pages 33, 34 and 35 made me very envious but how disappointing it was to turn to 36 and 37—what was that hand doing?

Stella Maple (Mrs),
Branston Road,
Lincoln.

The "Down Under" View

I have been buying your magazine since Vol. 1, No. 1. I am Australian and perhaps can give you a "typical Aussie's" opinion. It is a damn good thing to see magazines bring such things as "Prostitution, Sex and Morality" into the open. In Australia, as you most probably realize, discussions and literature on these subjects are more harshly censored than here, which I tend to think is similar to the prohibition days in the States in the 'twenties! Indirectly, crime was caused by prohibition, so sex crimes are caused in the same way, to put it briefly! Anyway here are some of my views shared by a lot of my Aussie friends and "Yanks" and "Pommies" I have met as well.

1. Prostitution should be legalized and controlled by the Government with compulsory medical check-ups.

2. Abortion should be legalized in only justifiable cases such as danger of life, confirmed deformity by X-ray. I have always felt (in Australia, that is) that most abortions are performed on girls who just want to get rid of the baby and is done by inexperienced "quacks" and often cause disfigurement, death and inability of the woman to have any further children. A girl who I knew well in Australia had one performed on her and is lucky to be alive today as she nearly died and had to have another operation to rectify the damage of the first! The answer over there is for the girl to go to an adoption clinic, have the baby and have it adopted out to some grateful young couple, who for some medical reason cannot have any children of their own! There is a waiting list of adoptions in this manner, in Queensland that is. This turns a misdemeanour into happiness for some unfertile young couple!

3. Sin and morality and consequences should be discussed more openly to children at schools by teachers, so there are not a lot of ignorant secretive teenagers floating around with completely wrong ideas and notions in their heads!

4. Literature and (certified as correct not rubbish, that is!) magazines and books on these subjects should definitely not be so heavily censored as they are, thus bringing the subject more into the open, and not one to be secretive about which could cause due consequences.

5. Churches should have a more broadminded outlook on the subject, and I don't mean only the Roman Catholic church but Protestant churches as well!

I don't know if these views of mine are shared by you at Penthouse and am not sure of all the laws on the subject over here, but I feel certain these same views are expressed by most sane broadminded Australians, so I shall submit them as such, and fear to be contradicted!!!

P. E. H. Taylor,
Glasshouse Lane,
Kenilworth, Warwicks.,
England.

the second youth of henry ainslie

by walter harris

"The stranger snapped his fingers and Ainslie saw a vista of cool moons and warm lips, palm trees and girls in bikinis. . . ." Was all this worth the price of a man's soul?

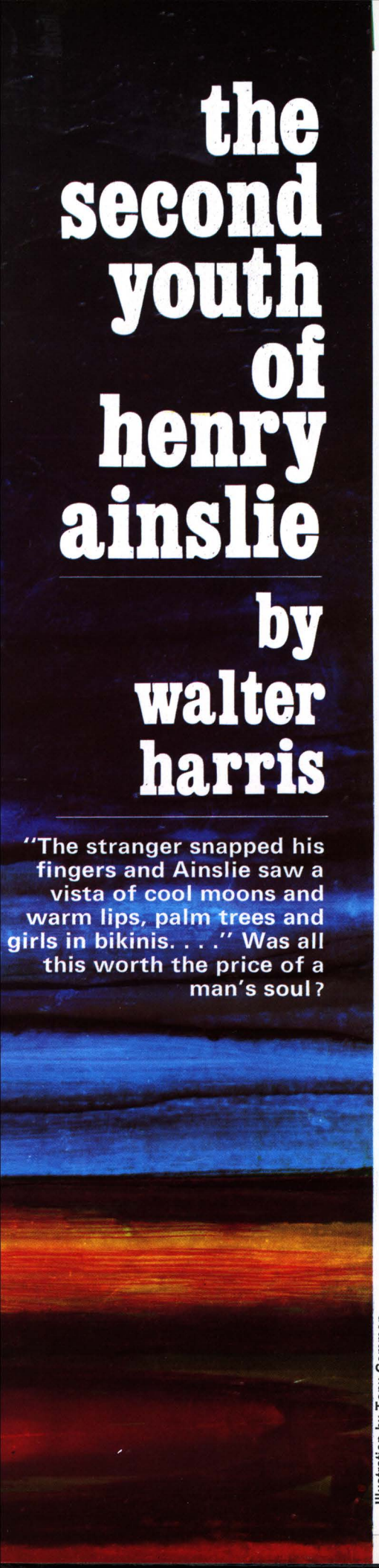


Illustration by Tony Common

OLD MR AINSLIE, NODDING IN A DECK-CHAIR BY THE SEA, YOUTH A DREAM, LONG-LOST incandescence in his loins, heard his early history in the sea-gulls' cries.

These were the cries of long-dead sea-gulls, cries that might be heard by Martians—how far away, wondered Mr Ainslie, would he have to stand in space in order to see himself again a young man, and his world of youth three score years ago?

This was his youth; the cries of gulls and yellowing snap-shots and the wind impatient as it always had been, the smell of the sea in his now jaded nostrils and on still nights remembered echoes of passion, of love made with sensitivity under many a moon to girls now dust.

Mr Ainslie had never married; he was too old and insufficiently rich to find a young wife when he realised one morning that he wanted an heir, to know the supreme conceit of seeing his face mirrored in another's, to rejoice at passing on through a little slice of history such characteristics and experience as he was made of.

From that moment of awakening, Mr Ainslie's old age had been spoilt, his serenity destroyed. It was a feeble thing to dream of the might-have-been; the might-have-been was as far away as childhood, the might-have-been was locked away with the first three ages of man.

So Mr Ainslie sat in his deck-chair, the elastic of his existence tautening, pulling him faster towards the eternity he had known seventy years before.

A man took the vacant deck-chair next to Mr Ainslie's. The man had a wise face, experience deepened his eye, his complexion was rather sallow. His hair, like his eyes, was jet black. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about him was his skin, which was completely unwrinkled, and his teeth, which were glistening and slightly pointed.

"A somewhat sentimental pastime," said the stranger.

"I beg your pardon?"

"No need. I said: A somewhat sentimental pastime."

"What?" Mr Ainslie leapt into the present with fear.

"Dreaming of your youth. Whether or not you enjoyed it, used it, created it to reproduce yourself, so many of you regret it. Now I regret my old age."

"You aren't old?"

"I was. I'm getting progressively younger, you see."

"Such talk is in poor taste," rebuked Mr Ainslie huffily; the man was a crude joker, yet how did he know, were Mr Ainslie's thoughts inscribed on his eye-lids?

"I am sorry to have offended your sensibilities," said the stranger, his voice devoid of sorrow. "But what I told you is true. I chose to be born old, I foretold the centuries, the aeons. I emerged from the womb—and my womb was night, starless and chill but magnificent—and I was old. All wisdom had I then, and I have retained it, so that when my youth comes, I shall be able to enjoy it. Knowledge have I also, knowledge that goes deep, that minds the hearts and souls of men and knows which is treasure there, and which dross."

"Who are you?"

"Let us say I am yourself. After all, you have just created me."

"I do not understand." How cold the wind was now, and the sea-gulls' mewing had taken on a banshee quality, whilst the promenade was a concrete desert, unknown and remote.

"This is the essence of faith," said the stranger, "Faith creates miracles, threads drawn from your desire have blended into a rope, a hawser with me on the other end. All you have to do now is ask me to help you."

"Help me? Help me what?"

The stranger's voice held the patience of eternity as he answered. "Why, regain your youth, of course. Or should I say, more accurately, gain somebody else's."

Mr Ainslie was speechless. "My dear Henry Ainslie," purred the stranger, and the purr was growing louder, "if you regained your own youth you would probably, in fact inevitably, do with it as you did before. And in several decades time, you would again sit here in reminiscing and regretful solitude, until again you conjured me up, but a second time I might not be so benevolent."

Mr Ainslie stared at the stranger; the stranger stared at his flawlessly manicured, yet somewhat claw-like hand.

"What would be your price?" he asked suddenly, feeling ridiculous for having even gone so far as to discuss a price for the impossible.

"How venal of you. But since you mention it—and if you had not I, of course, would have done so eventually—my price is the two of you."

"Two?"

"Your victim and yourself. In fact, as I would doubtless have got you anyway, I'll be lenient and demand only your victim as part of the bargain."

"Victim? What victim?"

"Really, you're being uncommonly dense," said the stranger, impatience in his voice for the first time. "Do you or do you not want to be young again? To have a second chance? To feel the taste and the flame and the power of youth again, to know what you know now—and knowledge is the one joy that youth lacks—and be able to use it from a young, supple, sap-running body instead of that emaciated and broken toy you now inhabit?"

"I offer you moons which have meaning, moons which are not an outworn parody, moons under which love hides and waits, not moons as dead and white *[continued overleaf*

and meaningless as you have become. I offer you life alive with music, soft lips instead of lonely benches. I offer you love instead of ridicule, fire instead of ashes, hope instead of defeat, women instead of a desolate cubicle."

"I offer you the chance to create, the opportunity to make your mark on mankind, an inscription in gold rather than a greasy thumb-print at the bottom of the page."

"And," whispered Mr Ainslie, "you demand a victim?"

"You have to offer me a little something for my trouble," said the stranger. "I'm afraid I can't accept animals either—I don't go for burnt offerings, and a young animal does not, of course, have the same life-span as a young human being. To explain further: If you came to me with a year-old dog, I would credit you with seven years, but every year you would age seven, and this would, no doubt, be disconcerting for you. Apart from the fact that a dog would be a poor swap for a human being."

This remark outraged Mr Ainslie, who was rather fond of dogs, and was still in mourning for a red-eyed bull terrier which had recently engaged in mortal combat with a steam-roller which annoyed it.

"I refuse to listen to any more of this nonsense," he said. The stranger rose—to Mr Ainslie, sitting on his bench, shrunken with age and futile annoyance, he seemed at least seven feet tall—and doffed his wide-brimmed hat. "I am sure you will agree, and that we shall soon be in business together," he said, and walked swiftly away, so swiftly, in fact, that he disappeared almost at once.

"Lot of nonsense," chittered Mr Ainslie, embittered marmoset sunk deep in its winter. He sought to reassure himself. "Damned nonsense!" he said, but he knew well that it wasn't.

It was late at night. Mr Ainslie had been in the habit of taking his dog for a walk about this time, and although the dog was dead the habit persisted. Carefully he shut his front door, and carefully descended the front steps.

Painfully, leaning heavily on his stick, for his arthritis troubled him this evening, he went down the street, each lamp-post a vertical memorial, a dark green metal obelisk, for Sullivan the terrier.

A girl came towards him, passed with good-night, unafraid to acknowledge his old and harmless presence. Were he young, she might have averted her head, unwilling to risk a greeting which might become an embrace—good evening, better if we walk a little, so many stars. They might have set off into the kind, prurient eye of night.

Mr Ainslie cursed, a spurting, unwanted epithet crackled across the street. He stopped, appalled at himself, listening for a whisper of rebuke from a window. None. He went on, weeping inwardly. Age could be serene acceptance, or a constant grizzling at the might-have-been, and his was the latter. He resented its futility.

A shadow in a deeper shadow smiled.

Mona Greasely, twenty-three-years old, bespectacled, spotty and lonely, sometimes met Mr Ainslie on the promenade and talked fish. Mr Ainslie had once had a small but competent collection of Neon fish, Black Molynetians, Angel fish and other exotic types whose very names were redolent of the tropical spectrumed seas whence they came. Mona kept Japanese goldfish and a pair of carp, which she cherished.

A few mornings after his encounter with the stranger, Mr Ainslie was sitting in a deck-chair, trying to concentrate on his book, when Mona appeared.

"Good morning, Mr Ainslie. Not too much wind to-day, is there?"

"Good morning." And excuse her inanities, they belonged to everybody. Mona, having asked his permission—and how refuse it?—damn the girl!—sat down in the deck-chair next to him and proceeded to talk carp.

Thoughts strange to him seeped into Mr Ainslie's head. Girl's a poor fish—jump in with the carp and they wouldn't notice it. Might think her spots were caraway seeds—fun if they were piranha. Good morning, Mr Ainslie. Sneer, sneer. What's the poor girl supposed to say? Merry Pythagoras, Mr Ainslie. Here's a juicy theorem. A girl's legs form an Isosceles triangle. Now, the sum of your passion equals the sum of the squares of the other two sides. Backside and topside. What deplorable thoughts for a man like himself. Incapability Brown.

"—and I've just discovered how much they appreciate Ryvita. Much more than bread. A little piece of Ryvita and they absolutely fly to the surface for more. The darlings!"

Darlings! Cuddly little fish. Darlings! Eat her if she fell in dead.

Over Mona's shoulder the shadow of the stranger. He raised his hat and smiled.

"Hello, Mr Ainslie."

"Oh, hello. This is Miss Mona Greasely. Mr—?"

"Names are unimportant," said the stranger abruptly. "I haven't met you for three nights, Miss Greasely."

"We—I don't think we've ever met."

"Not since your dream about the soldier." Mona went scarlet. The stranger raised his hat again and went his way. The Wars of the Roses were fought out in Mona's cheeks. The scarlet had turned to corpse-white, before she fainted; this made Mr Ainslie very cross with the stranger. He was too old to give Mona much help, and too surprised to offer sympathy. And perhaps a little too frightened.

It was three weeks after his last meeting with the enigmatic stranger that Mr Ainslie fell in love. His love, he knew, was a waste of time, as the object of it was only nineteen, yet at the back of his mind he had, in spite of his cynicism at the stranger's words about faith, a vague feeling that his love was not so doomed, as it would have been a few weeks previously.

The girl he coveted was called Jenny Rand. Mr Ainslie had fallen for her over a mid-day kipper; into his usual café, ask for the menu, look down the items before the budding realization: The waitress was beautiful.

Not only beautiful, but intelligent, a student working in her spare time. Evidently sympathetic towards Mr Ainslie; even on that first day she had secured an extra kipper for him, served his bread and butter just as he liked it with plenty of butter and no crust—poor false-fanged Mr Ainslie murdering crusts with new teeth set in improbable original gums.

Regarded him as a grandfather, not making many demands, just his bread and butter as he wanted it and a little conversation before diving into his paper.

The paper, most of which he had already read over breakfast, had been Mr Ainslie's protection against the previous waitress, a garrulous girl for some odd reason called Clive; now it became his blind, cleverly speared with a pencil, from which he did a bit of nature study, eyes firmly on Jenny's departing buttocks, or greeting her approaching breasts.

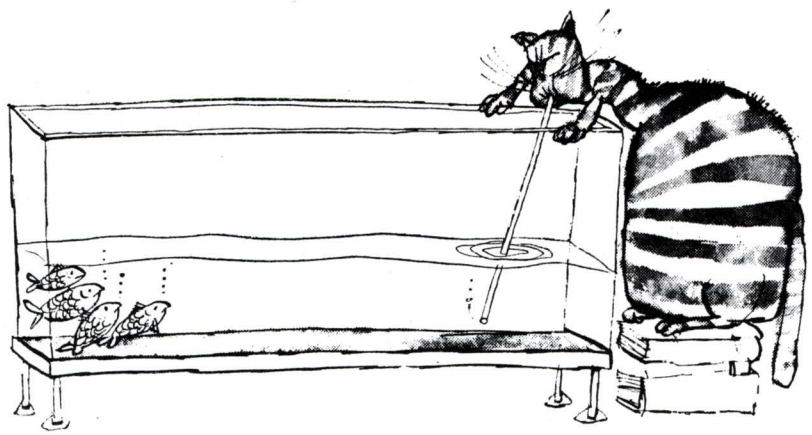
Several mornings after meeting Jenny, Mr. Ainslie, peering through his paper, heard a suave voice at his ear, and jumped like a frightened pheasant.

"Good day, Mr Ainslie. Go in quite a lot for interior decoration these days, the cafés, don't they?" Mr. Ainslie flinched from the conspiratorial gaze.

"I am—er—aesthetically interested—."

"No fire in the loins, no hope in the breast,

(*continued on page* 68)



LIMEHOUSE GRUB-CRAWL *food and drink by nicolas rieba*

Brooding over the grey, prosaic remains of the East End's vanished Cathay, London romantics shake their heads sadly and pronounce Lime-House dead. Actually the corpse is smiling a sly Oriental smile as its spirit proliferates throughout the length and breadth of Britain. Chinese restaurants, hatching at the rate of four a week until recently, have spread their soft, noodle-like tentacles everywhere.

I have seen yeoman farmers in remote market towns order from labyrinthine Chinese menus with the authority of Old China Hands. Very few suburbs are without their 'Golden Dragon' or 'Summer Palace', London itself abounds in Chinese restaurants at every level, from chop suey bars to grand Imperial parlours, while a spate of Chinese foods and condiments pours unceasingly from the exotic cornucopia of Hong-kong and ports beyond the Bamboo Curtain.

The real Yellow Peril, it appears, is gastronomic. They will have us all strapped down with Chinese vermicelli on to beds of thrusting bean sprouts and bamboo shoots while soya sauce drips with exquisite torture on our exposed foreheads. Personally, it's a death I don't mind at all!

All over England an infra-structure of Chinese life is beginning to luxuriate. I hear by bamboo telegraph that London's first Chinese butcher is about to set up shop. You will see some really fancy cuts there as Chinese gastronomy stops only at the hoof.

An air-lift to bring rare Chinese vegetables from Arizona where they are grown by a millionaire farmer is under weigh. Chinese restaurants that cater almost entirely for the vast population of waiters are shooting up—in fact the presence of a few familiar waiters eating in a Chinese restaurant is a reliable guide to the quality of the food.

A mere lychee's throw from Trafalgar Square I spotted the first all-Chinese barber shop. It is there that the superbly brilliantined pompadours, hallmark of the perfect Chinese waiter, are fashioned. Peeping through the plate glass windows I saw a row of heads, hair tapered into frothy pyramids of lather. Some of the barbers were girls.

A large new Chinese delicatessen has just opened in Brewer Street, Soho. There you can buy tiny wood lichens, a type of cultivated fungus called 'cloud ears', and those smoky pug-nosed Chinese mushrooms. I saw baskets of fresh green ginger, packages of fragrant edible moss and round loaves of

tangy seaweed. On the shelves there were tins of Yellow Thread, Salted Croaker and wads of fried fish bellies that swell up on frying. Delicacies like salted ducks' legs for steaming over rice, sliced lotus stems, 'golden needles' and salted dates, not to mention twenty varieties of Chinese tea, were on sale. And if you want to try your hand at Chinese cooking at home, you can buy that indispensable utensil the 'wock'—a large, deep-curved Chinese frying pan for about 20/-.

For me, the best buy were Black Eggs—guaranteed not to carry the British Lion stamp of the Egg Marketing Board. These 100-Year Eggs, as they are known, are encased in a paste made from clay, pine ash and lime and buried in the ground. To eat, shell the egg, slice thinly and serve garnished with mixed ginger pickles. A dish fit for a mandarin! If you want to serve a really 'Way-out' hors-d'œuvre at home, this is it, at 12/- a dozen. F. T. Cheng, former Ambassador and eminent gourmet claims that they are good for hyperacidity, and they have been the subject of a thesis written by a young Chinese lady at an American university.

While the catering and financial worlds are abuzz with the exploits of Peter Evans, the Berni Brothers, and the success of the Golden Egg palazzos, that wily old East End restaurateur 'Charlie' Cheung has just gone and opened his fourth restaurant—**The Local Friends.** This is, as far as I know, London's first "Take it away" Chinese Restaurant. He is also opening a Chinese gift shop in Salmon Lane, where clients will be able to buy identical dinner services, chopsticks, and allied paraphernalia during restaurant hours. These are additions to his popular trinity, the Old, New, and Good Friends, putting them in their genealogical order.

Charlie, a familiar figure, hat set at rakish angle and gold teeth winking hospitably, has performed an inestimable service to Chinese cooking in Britain. Single-handed he literally pulled it out of the chop suey doldrums in which it had foundered.

For years now lovers of real Chinese food have been beating a path to the West India Dock Road and Salmon Lane. On some Sundays you can barely see the curb for CD plates. In fact Sunday lunch at Charlie's has become something of an institution and his none too comfortable chairs have cradled some of the most eminent posteriors in the arts, show-business and the London diplomatic corps.

PENTHOUSE readers would do well to take a close look at Charlie's gastronomic empire in the East End. So let your wine and food correspondent (who has actually wined and dined in China) lead you by the hand for an East End Grub-Crawl.

The Old Friends—*70 West India Dock Road, E.14 (Tel. EAS 4325)*

No Xanadu this—bang opposite the Limehouse Police Station. Bleak streets that seem to lead nowhere and a window display of a few dusty bowls and a plate of dried mushrooms completes the uninviting picture. The way is through a café, where the tarnished tea boiler makes cosy gurgles and patrons sit around eating Cha Siu Pork and chips. The kitchen is at the foot of the stairs and you can catch a glimpse of a tiny Asiatic inferno where nimble white-clad cooks, chirping like budgies, slice away with lethal machetes on oak-sized chopping-blocks. All hell and confusion let loose, with shoots shooting and sprouts sprouting and clouds of vapour rising from the bamboo sieves in which the delectable wrap-

lings, dumplings and Siu Mies are steamed. Miraculously, beautifully presented, scrumptious dishes are ferried to the restaurant—the apotheosis of non-unitized catering.

Up the creaking stairs and past an enigmatic notice proclaiming "special Chinese dishes or gentlemen with ladies only" and you are in the two-room restaurant. The décor is rudimentary—dreary lino and wallpaper in the worst occidental taste. The walls are graced by a framed silk-embroidered picture of the Shanghai Bund, a cul-de-sac in Hangchow in the rain and a photograph of the finishing class at Lantao High School. Strictly non-David Hicks!

Bring your own wine—there is an off-licence across the road. Personally I recommend white, or if you are really in a festive mood buy a bottle of Sake—drunk warm or chilled depending on the weather.

Start off with a sweet corn and crabmeat soup laced with whisked egg. I like a hot 'bao' with it: this is a steamed feather-light bun of Chinese bread stuffed with spiced pork. Reckon on a dish per head (4-6 persons is the ideal number) exclusive of the soup and the Yangchow Fried Rice. The latter is a luxurious Chinese pilaff interspersed with miniscule shrimps, diced ham and flecks of egg. My selection would include Pacific Prawns in the shell, braised lightly in a sweet red sauce, chicken wings in oyster sauce stuffed with bamboo shoots and mushrooms, and a plate of neatly segmented roast duck, resting on a bed of cos lettuce and flavoured with sesame oil. Finally, the Old Friends' special sweet sour pork, not the dreary lumps of batter-coated fat that pass for this classical dish in many Chinese restaurants, but real crisp morsels of meat lacquered with a tangy syrup and full of chunky pieces of bamboo shoot, water chestnut and sweet ginger.

A gallon of Jasmin tea to follow and any one of three predictable Chinese sweets. Total cost, around 15/- per head, all in.

The New Friends—*185 Salmon Lane, E.14 (Tel. EAS 3366)*

There is slightly more variety here than at the Old Friends and more has been invested in creature comforts. Traditional Chinese round tables, ideal for a party of eight.

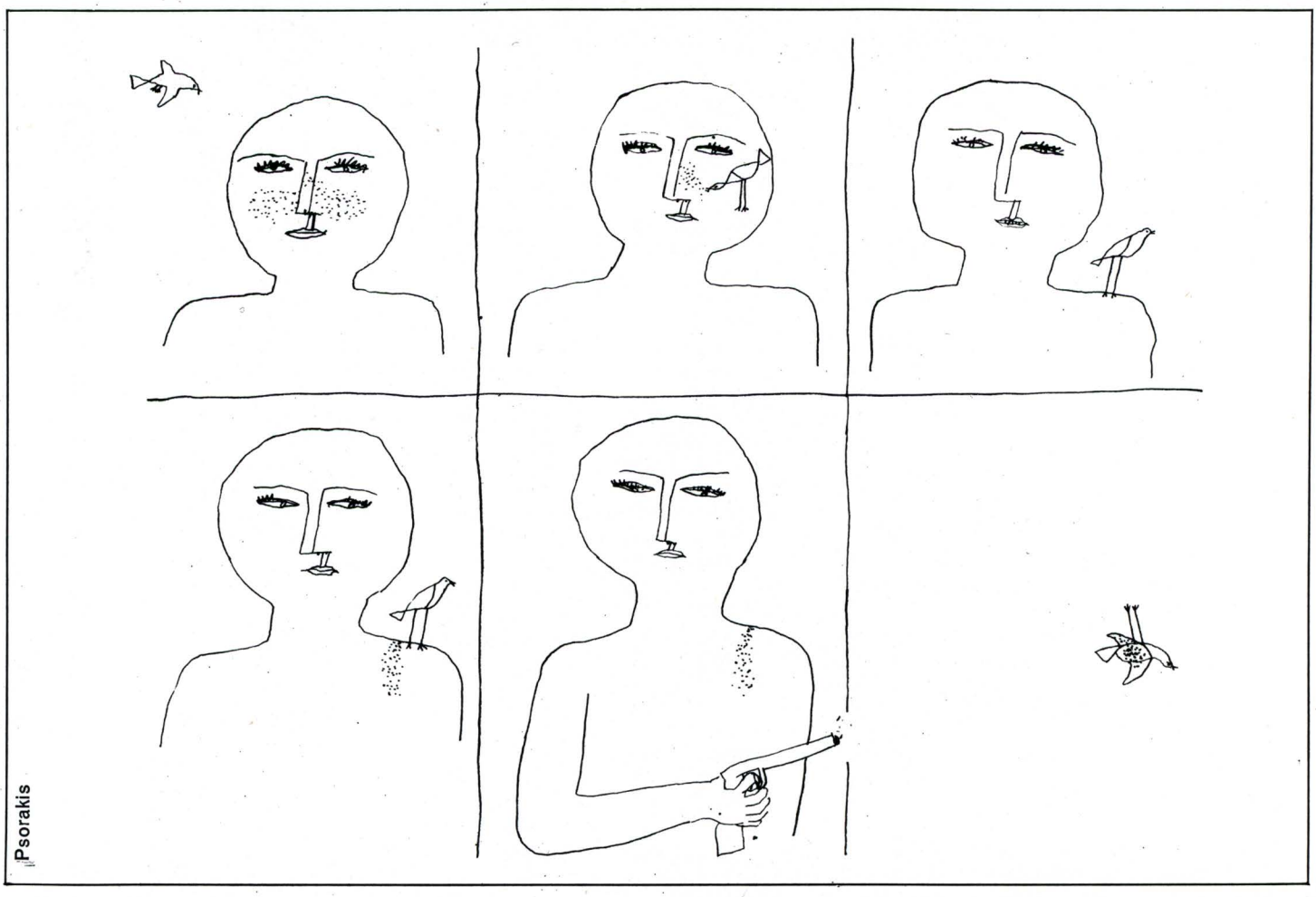
The Good Friends—Five shops up the road—the brightest jewel in Charlie's crown. The place is positively luxurious by comparison and you should definitely book. Presided over by charming and able Mrs Farmer, who will explain any rare Chinese dish to you in words of one syllable.

Wantun Soup is my favourite here—chock-a-block full of the long-eared Chinese ravioli, pork and chicken slices, abalone and vegetables. Order some beautifully served Black Eggs, previously recommended, and a selection of Siu Mies, steamed dumplings stuffed with pork, prawns and water chestnuts ready for dipping into hot chilli sauce. As a 'pièce de résistance' have an entire grey mullet steamed with sliced smoked mushrooms and slivers of fresh ginger—this is one of the finest fish dishes available in London. Steamed white-cut chicken with twin dips of oyster sauce and ginger and scallion is also a treat, and steamed ginger chicken another palatable speciality. The Cha Siu Pork is especially good, flavoured with the Five Spices and there is a sliced pork pudding interleaved with segments of yam which I can recommend. When ordering spare ribs don't go for the ungainly fistfuls that one is usually served but ask for Soo Pyquat—the ribs are broken into tiny knuckles and are more manageable. You should never have to struggle with real Chinese food.

Mrs Farmer will advise you on banqueting facilities—a spread as above for ten or fifteen guests will cost you less than £1 per head, all in. The more adventurous might take a look at the special dishes requiring one day's notice to prepare. Among these, stuffed duck or chicken are outstanding. I also like the skewered and charcoal-cooked Malayan 'satay', a sort of sweet and spicy South-East Asian kebab with an unique taste.

All meals at the Good Friends should be rounded off with Chinese tea and a steamed scented hot towel to wipe your face with. Practise your chopstick drill beforehand and leave your indigestion tablets at home—you won't need them!

Nicolas Rieba



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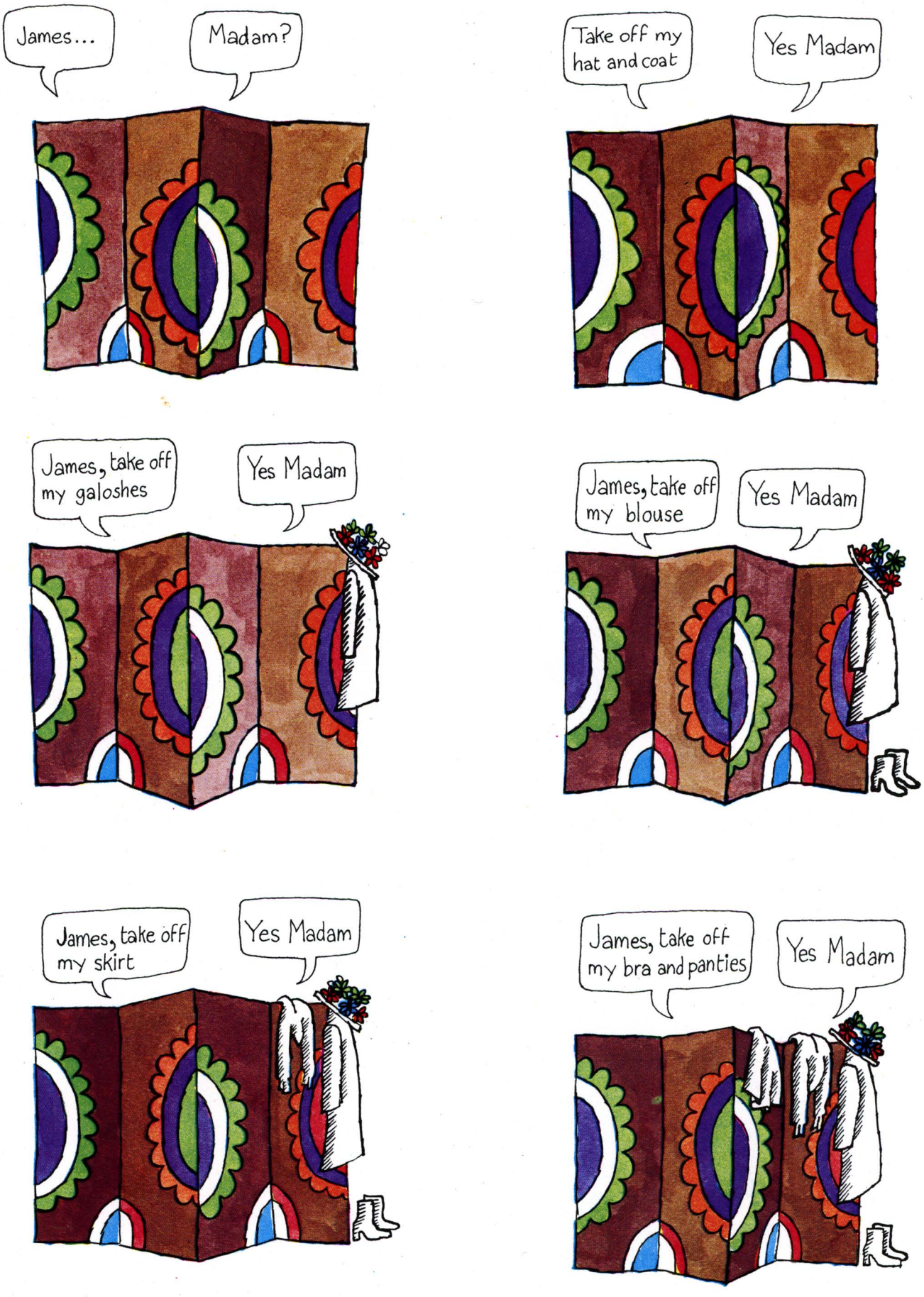
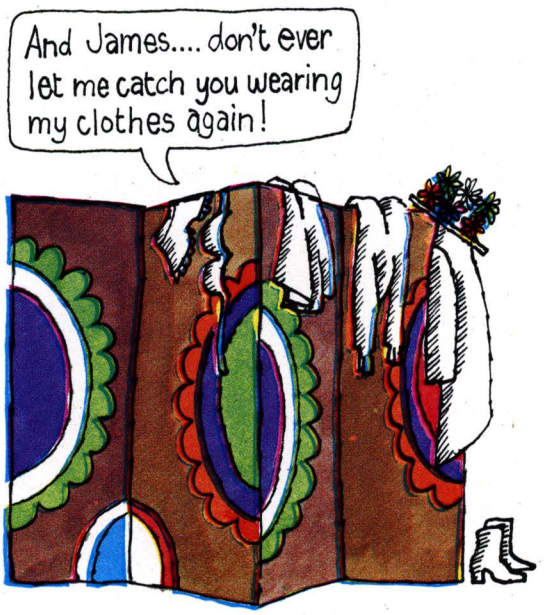
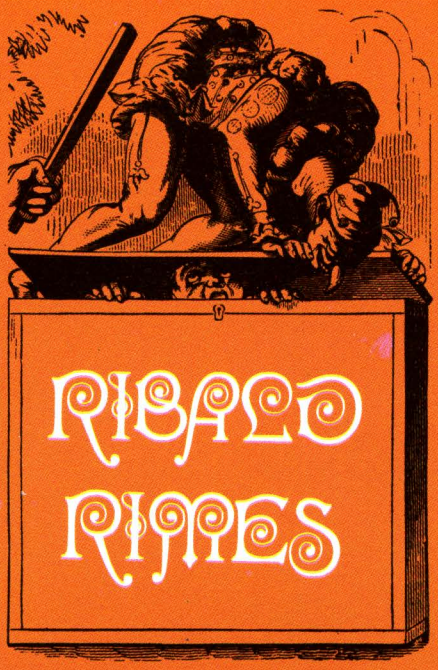


Michael Foreman


And James.... don't ever let me catch you wearing my clothes again!



RIBALD RIMES

EDITED BY PERCY SAYMAN

There's a man in the Bible portrayed
As one deeply engrossed in his trade.
He became quite elated
Over things he created,
Especially the women he made.

A maïden who dwells in Galena
Has bubbies of graceful demeanor,
And whenever she preens
These astounding poitrines,
She insists upon Simoniz Kleener.

A lisping young lady named Beth
Was saved from a fate worse than death
Seven times in a row,
Which unsettled her so
That she quit saying "No" and said "Yeth".

There was an old man of Boolong
Who frightened the birds with his song.
It wasn't the words
That frightened the birds
But the horrible dooble ong-tong.

A fanatic gun-lover named Crust
Was perverse to the point of disgust.
His idea of a peach
Had a sixteen-inch breech,
And a pearl handled 44 bust.

There was a young girl whose frigidity
Approached cataleptic rigidity,
Till you gave her a drink,
When she quickly would sink
In a state of complaisant liquidity.

There was a bluestocking in Florence
Wrote anti-sex pamphlets in torrents,
Till a Spanish grandee
Got her off with his knee,
And she burned all her works with abhorrence.

A girl attending Bryn Mawr
Committed a dreadful faux pas.
She loosened a stay
In her décolleté,
Exposing her je-ne-sais-quoi.

Forever

photographs by Guccione

Amber

Beauty is timeless and except for the transient fads and fancies with which she enobles the flesh; a beautiful woman is forever. . . .

IN THE STRUGGLE FOR INTELLECTUAL SURVIVAL IN A "With-it" world that denigrates the flesh for fashion and encourages men to look like boys and boys to look like girls, we pay homage to those immutable and enduring qualities of woman made evident in these pages. Amber Dean-Smith is 19 years old; she stands 5′ 7″ in her bare feet, and her vital statistics are 38–24–37. She is an accomplished fashion artist and a regular contributor to *RAVE* magazine. She is a resurgent teenager, an intellectual and an individualist. "You might call me a reconstructed Beatnik," she said. "For two years I was on a very anti-social

scene. I was a rebel who dressed and lived the part and one day—not too long ago—it occurred to me that I had no knowledge or experience of the things I seemed to oppose. It was quite a revelation . . . a sort of beginning to my emotional maturity you might say. That's when I decided to get out and become, or at least try to discover, the real me."

It's more than lucky for us that Amber decided to make this momentous move, for our delightful Pet-of-the-Month might still be languishing away in some obscure espresso bar instead of illuminating these pages with her unique and formidable beauty. And whoever it was said that "Beauty is only skin deep," was clearly a cynic . . . the kind of person, as Oscar Wilde so crushingly put it, who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing. In contradiction to the

"skin-deep" theory stands Amber . . . abundant proof that physical attraction can be complimented by a keen and lively mind and she, herself, is not afraid to exercise it. Her views on women, for instance, indicate a really perceptive grasp of a traditionally delicate subject. "I believe," Amber states, "that women, if anything, are more predatory than men. We are capable of the most elaborate schemes and histrionics to acquire the things we want. We are all actresses and we have as many faces as the men we chance to meet. We comply when it suits us and rebel when we feel cheated or taken advantage of. We have as much interest in sex as men do but we don't like to be reminded of it or be informed that we are about to be '*had*' and aren't we *lucky* and what *else*—after all—are we here for.

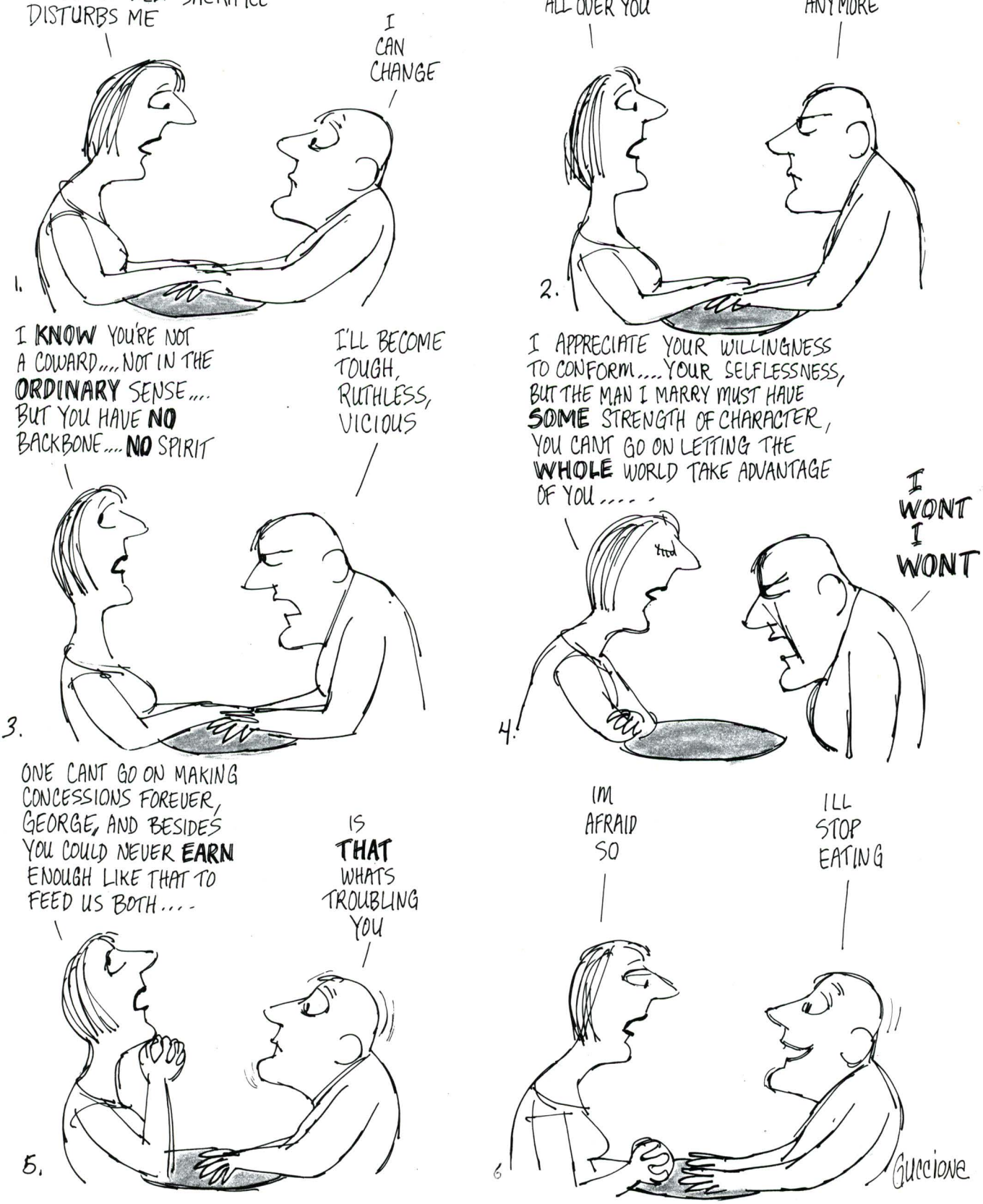
"In the main, a girl *wants* to be led by the man she respects and loves. If she feels that she can manipulate a man, she will but she will not enjoy it . . . not really. There is a difference between a strong man and an egotist. The strong man makes the decisions but he has taken the girl's feelings and desires into consideration. The egotist makes the same decisions but he accomplishes this quite independent of the girl's feelings. With this kind of man, the relationship soon becomes a struggle for mental supremacy . . . and the woman, regrettably, always wins and having won loses all feeling, all respect and all interest in the man. As for

myself I want a man who is sensitive, artistic . . . preferably with a slightly Bohemian non-conformist attitude towards life. The physical side is very important to begin with . . . physical attraction plays an important part but is definitely not enough to sustain a relationship. Just as men like to be seen in the company of beautiful women, women like to be seen in the company of beautiful men. I like a man to be beautiful but I want him to treat his beauty as a fortunate accident and not a weapon or device to maltreat some girl unfortunate enough to have fallen in love with his face."
Amber, who wears her extraordinary sophistication lightly, as perhaps it should be worn, is about as different from the stereotyped image of an English teenager as one could possibly imagine. Contrast her fresh ideas and these carefree pictures that depict, in even more devastating detail, the *essential* Amber, with the images that usually spring to mind when the word teenager is mentioned.
If beauty, unadorned, as refined and depicted by nature, is timeless in its intent, then Amber Dean-Smith *is* . . . forever.

MISS AMBER DEAN-SMITH/PENTHOUSE PET-OF-THE-MONTH

for better or worse

by GUCCIONE



MURDER OUT OF A HAT

His eyes glowed with excitement. "Listen, if anybody would know how to dispose of a body, it would be Jarvis. I mean, it's his business, it's his life, this biology stuff."

by Henry Slesar

LOCATE THE CERVICAL VERTEBRAE, THE presternum, the lumbar and the coccygeal. All right, Perry Hatch said to himself, hunched over the examination form and reached down to scratch his ankle. He pulled out the strip of paper concealed in his sock, and glanced up to see what Professor Jarvis was doing. As usual, the Professor was mouth-breathing and looking blank behind his thick eyeglasses.

It was a cinch. He knew the answer to the next question without consulting his hidden notes. The third was more of a problem, and his ankle itched again.

"Mr. Hatch!"

The boy's head jerked backwards at the sudden cry. Professor Jarvis was bearing down on him like a shaggy-maned lion, his shapeless coat-tails flying out behind him. Perry was still clutching the crib sheet when the Professor's fingers closed about his wrist.

"Drop it!" Jarvis thundered. "Drop it this second!"

Perry dropped it; the Professor scooped it up, and saw his suspicions confirmed. Then he wiped the exam form from the student's desk. "You're excused," he said harshly. "Sit there while the others finish up, and then remain after class."

"Aw, gee, Professor—"

Jarvis whirled and went back to his desk. The grey colour was gone from his cheeks. If nothing else, Perry thought wryly, he had breathed some life into the old corpse.

When the hour was up, nobody even glanced at Perry in his disgrace; not even Dino, his buddy. Jarvis, with the arrogance of age, sat shuffling papers when the room was empty. It was ten minutes before he told Perry to come forward.

"Why do you cheat?" he said contemptuously.

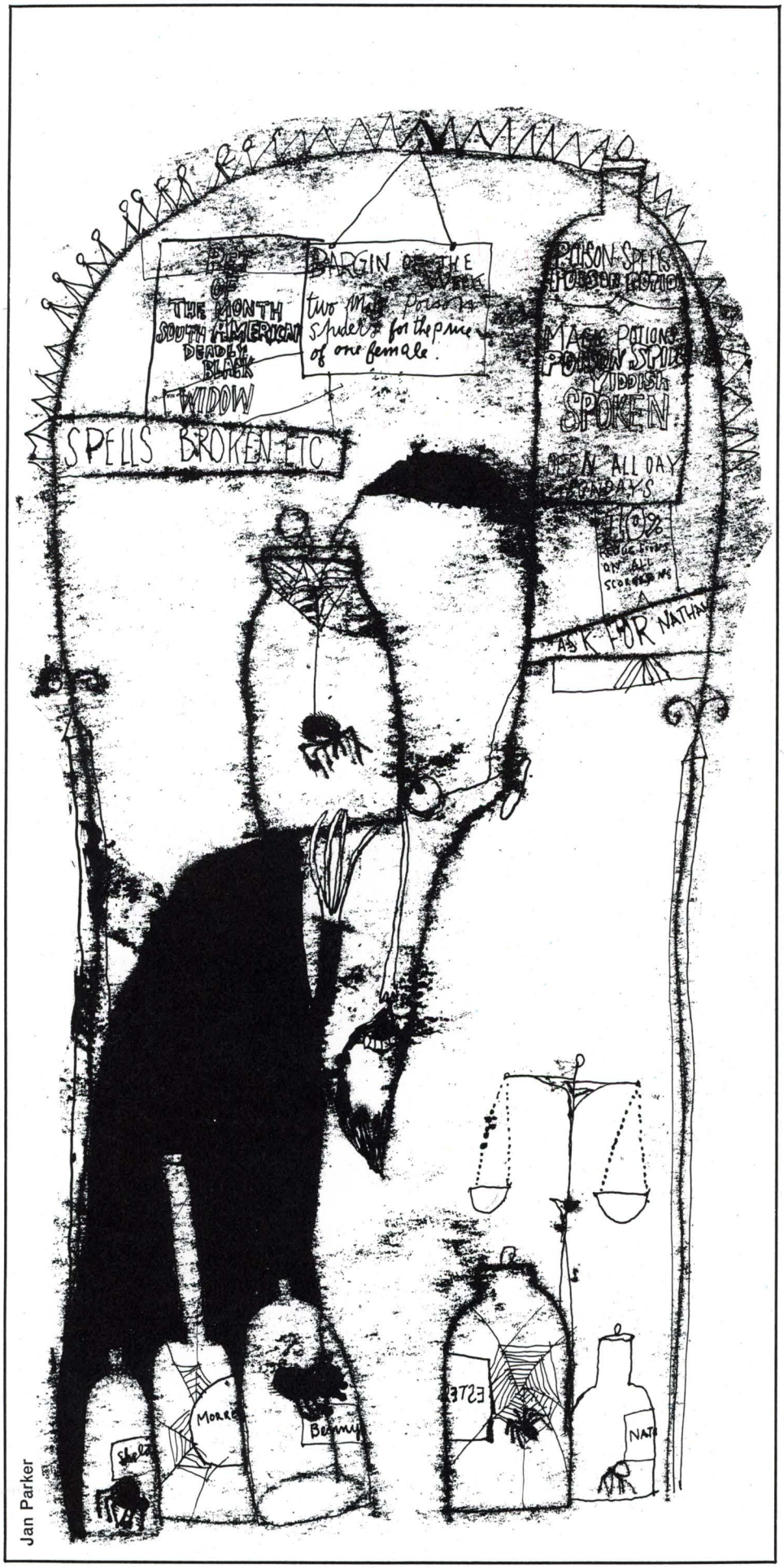
"I don't cheat," Perry said. "I mean, not all the time. I was just caught unprepared, that's all."

"You mean you were caught, period," Jarvis blew his nose into a monstrous handkerchief. "I hate cheats and liars, Hatch. There's no place for them at the university."

"Look, you can't—"

"Don't tell me what I can or can't do! How many other exams have you been

(*continued on page* 70)



Another Sick Parable
of Our Time
by
Norman Thaddeus Vane

The Old Poison Spider Shop on Avenue D

Characters
MR KRAMER
MRS FAZZOLA
FANNY KRAMER

The interior of a dimly lit shop. A little old man comes from behind the curtains that separate the shop from the living quarters. He opens the blinds which let in layers of daylight from outside. We now see that he is in his fifties, stooped spider-like, frail, bearded and wears a skull cap.

Inside the glass door is a sign which says—

I. KRAMER
POISON SPIDERS
POISON POWDERS
MAGIC POTIONS
SPELLS BROKEN
YIDDISH SPOKEN

The shop itself is very old-fashioned, almost untouched since the turn of the century. The old man is, without question, Mr Kramer. On this side of the counter is a booth, behind the counter shelves with old bottles of every shape, size and description. On one shelf is a row of special bottles with little furry objects moving inside—in webs of their own weaving.

MR KRAMER

(*Dusting jars, holding them up. As he does so each one lights up eerily.*) Good-morning, Benny. You been weaving all night, I see. Couldn't sleep? Have a fly for breakfast. (*He drops in a fly.*) Good appetite! (*He replaces the jar, takes another.*) Hello, Esther. Did I wake you up?—You lazy thing. Where's Lionel? What? Not There? Would you believe it? She ate another husband. That's the third one this week. No fly for you, my greedy one. (*Knocking on jars*) Open your eyes Morrey. Sit up Nathan. Sheldon! Finish that Japanese beetle! (*There is a tapping on the window. Mr Kramer freezes. The tapping comes again. He moves spider-like to the blinds, peers out, then yells to someone outside.*) Shop closed! (*The tapping is heard even louder. He goes angrily to the door, releases the bolt, and opens it, keeping the chain in place. Outside we see Mrs Fazzola, a woman in her late forties wearing a shawl.*)

MRS FAZZOLA
Can I see you, Mr Kramer?

MR KRAMER
Closed on Saturday, lady.

MRS FAZZOLA
I want you to fill a prescription.

MR KRAMER
Go to Walgreens.

MRS FAZZOLA
Mrs Keplan recommended me.

MR KRAMER
Mrs Keplan from Avenue B?

MRS FAZZOLA
It's a matter of life and death.

MR KRAMER
Death?
(*He opens the door and lets her in, then bolts it closed, pulls the blinds shut and turns on a lamp, holding it in front of her.*)
What's your name, lady?

MRS FAZZOLA
Mrs Fazzola. The tailor's wife from 1st Avenue. You heard your wife mention me?

MR KRAMER
Fanny mentioned.

MRS FAZZOLA
A sweet person.

MR KRAMER
Why didn't Mrs Keplan bring you herself, Mrs Fazzola? I usually expect personal recommendations only.

MRS FAZZOLA
Didn't you know? Today's her husband's funeral.

MR KRAMER
So soon? She only came to see me on Thursday.

MRS FAZZOLA
Her fifth husband.

MR KRAMER
Her *sixth*. A pity.

MRS FAZZOLA
(*Fanning herself*)
A poison spider in the bed.

MR KRAMER
Fancy that. But all her husbands was insured, thank God.

MRS FAZZOLA
Where's your lovely wife this morning?

MR KRAMER
Buying flys at Old Man Schwartz's Open Fly Market on Delancey Street.

MRS FAZZOLA
I never heard of it.

MR KRAMER
Everyone in the trade knows it.

MRS FAZZOLA
Listen, Mr Kramer, I want to buy a poison spider, but a good one, a nice fat one, not lazy!

MR KRAMER
Sit.

MRS FAZZOLA
(*Sits in the booth. He takes a tray full of spiders, sets them on the table.*) So many? Where do you get them?

MR KRAMER
From a little poison spider factory I know in the Bronx. Only one trouble—the females eat the males.

MRS FAZZOLA
Strange customs.

MR KRAMER
Your husband's unfaithful?

MRS FAZZOLA
A regular snake.

MR KRAMER
Insured?

MRS FAZZOLA
To the eyebrows.

MR KRAMER
(*Picking up jars*) We could try Morris, or maybe better, Esther.

MRS FAZZOLA
A black widow?

MR KRAMER
Many times.

MRS FAZZOLA
What do I do with her?

MR KRAMER
Put in the bed.

MRS FAZZOLA
Under the sheets?

MR KRAMER
Dangerous.

MRS FAZZOLA
For him?

MR KRAMER
For Esther. Your husband might turn over suddenly. Husbands are easy to get, good spiders hard.

MRS FAZZOLA
What if it don't work?

MR KRAMER
Your money cheerfully refunded. My motto: When it comes to wives knocking off their husbands—live and let live.

MRS FAZZOLA
I don't want to poison him, I want to poison *her*—his mistress!

MR KRAMER
That's your business. But take your pick. A wide selection, all prices.

MRS FAZZOLA
Not too expensive.

MR KRAMER
How much did you wish to spend?

MRS FAZZOLA
Fifteen dollars?

MR KRAMER
You must be joking.

MRS FAZZOLA
Mrs Keplan got a nice one for that. She told me.

MR KRAMER
Before the war. For her first husband, Morris.

MRS FAZZOLA
(*Picking up a jar*)
Isn't this one called Morris?

MR KRAMER
Funny you should notice. Can't you borrow some more money from your husband?

MRS FAZZOLA
It don't seem right.

MR KRAMER
Listen, Mrs Fazzola, if you was in the trade I could get you a good spider cheap. But you're not in the trade, so I can only give you a good one at market price. Thirty-five dollars is the best I can do and for that you can only get a small Tarantula, really loaded with poison, but to be quite honest—a little slow.

MRS FAZZOLA
A slow death, that's what I want.

MR KRAMER
But not guaranteed.

MRS FAZZOLA
What could I get for *forty* dollars?

MR KRAMER
For forty dollars you can have Rachel, a mean hungry black widow—the same kind that the Borgias used, on my life! She'll get straight to business. Quick death. Loves ears.

MRS FAZZOLA
Loves ears?

MR KRAMER
Put under the pillow.

MRS FAZZOLA
Still, it's a lot of money. Could I possibly—only rent one?

MR KRAMER
Listen, Mrs Fazzola, I am not in the renting poison spider business. I am selling only A.1 Top Grade products—there's not a second-hand spider in the shop!

MRS FAZZOLA
But, I really can't afford the money.

MR KRAMER
(*Starting to put away the tray*) All right, if my poison spiders you can't afford—go get in Woolworths a "Do-It-Yourself Home Poisoning Kit."

MRS FAZZOLA
What are you talking about? That's for kids! I don't want to make anyone a cripple for life, I want a satisfactory job!

MR KRAMER
Maybe I can suggest something a little different. I have a few boxes of just plain poison powders, allow me to sell you a couple?

MRS FAZZOLA
Where do I put them?

MR KRAMER
It's simple, even a child could do it. Just every day sprinkle a little on his pizza pie, or maybe on his spaghetti.

MRS FAZZOLA
It'll take years.

MR KRAMER
No evidence.

MRS FAZZOLA
How about one big dose? The whole box.

MR KRAMER
Then this. Arsenic of acorn leaves. In a glass of warm milk. Or maybe Ovaltine.

MRS FAZZOLA
It really works?

MR KRAMER
Do you think I sell them for people's health?

MRS FAZZOLA
No, I have my heart set on a poison spider. (*looking in her handbag, pulling out bills*) Here's fifteen and I got just ten more. (*She pushes the money at him*) Take everything I got!

MR KRAMER
(*Giving in*) Okay, for twenty-five dollars I'll let you have Morris. Don't say I ain't got a kind heart. And don't tell anyone you got it so cheap.

MRS FAZZOLA
I promise. /*continued on page* 69

by
Gerald Kersh

A LUCKY DAY FOR THE BOAR

"The drugs were used discreetly and sparingly . . . time was the illusion with which I took the liberty of bedazzling the young gentleman. . . ."

'WELL, WHAT THE DEVIL THEN, WHERE'S your title?' said Mr Bozman, the proprietor of *The Baltimore General Press*. 'I see a quotation: "*Ignoscito saepe alteri nunquam tibi*"—which, construed, reads: "Forgive others often, but never forgive yourself." Well?'

His editor, a timid man, murmured, 'I advanced the gentleman five dollars.'

'Gentleman? What the devil kind of alpaca-and-steel-mixture hack do you call gentleman? And what do you mean by five dollars? How dared you do it, sir? Silver is dug out of the ground; it does not grow on bushes. Eh? Eh?'

'We might entitle it *A Lucky Day for the Boar*, sir.'

'You make free with my dollars, sir. Read it over to me, mister, if you will.'

'By your leave,' said the editor, and read:

* * *

Self-sufficient, Colonel Hyrax came and went like a cat in the Duke's palace. Nobody could deny that there was, in fact, much of the feline in his fastidiousness and in his almost inhuman composure. As Chief of the Secret Police, Colonel Hyrax was not bound by the rules of protocol. Dread followed him, and awe—awe of the Unknown—and it was whispered that the Duke himself feared Colonel Hyrax.

Certainly, no one but he would have dared to detain the Duke when that potentate was booted and spurred for the hunt. Yet, although he was smiling with pleasurable anticipation as he listened to the baying of his boarhounds in the courtyard below, the Duke put aside his boar spear when Colonel Hyrax appeared, and, bidding him close the door, asked, 'What now, Hyrax?'

'Your Grace, I have good news.'

'My foresters have beaten out a black boar of thirty stone, a monster. So be brief. Good news of what?'

'Of the conspiracy, your Grace,' said Colonel Hyrax.

'I suppose,' said the Duke, with a harsh laugh, 'I suppose you are going to tell me that my traitorous scoundrel of a nephew has named his partners in this plot against me?'

'Precisely that, your Grace,' said Colonel Hyrax, with a thin smile.

'No!'

'By your Grace's leave—yes,' cried Colonel Hyrax. But he looked in vain for some demonstration of relief or joy. The Duke frowned.

'It is hard,' he said, 'it is very hard for me to believe. Are you sure, now? My nephew Stanislaus has named his friends?'

'Your Grace, I have a list of their names They are under close arrest.'

'Damn it! Stanislaus is of my blood. He had—I thought he had—something of my character. Red-hot pincers could not drag a betrayal of my friends out of *me*. Milksop!'

'Yet he conspired against the life of your Grace,' said Colonel Hyrax.

'I know, I know; but that was all in the family. I trapped him, and he didn't lie about it. Naturally, he refused to name his collaborators. I'd have done the same in his place. Oh yes, Hyrax—touching the matter of red-hot pincers—you never dared . . .?'

'I know my duty, your Grace,' said Colonel Hyrax. 'I am well aware that your blood is inviolable, and that it is death to spill one drop of it; or to offer violence, however slight, to any member of your family; or even to threaten it. Neither may any of your Grace's blood be manacled. Oh, believe me, not only was his Excellency your nephew treated with the utmost gentleness—I saw to it, when he was placed in solitary confinement by your Grace's written order, that he could not even do violence to his own person.'

'And still he betrayed his comrades? He's no blood of mine!' The Duke, then uttered foul accusations against his dead brother's wife. Growing calmer, he said, 'More, Hyrax; tell me more.' The horns sounded clear in the courtyard, but the Duke threw open a casement and roared, 'Let the boar wait!'

'Your Grace sentenced your nephew to perpetual solitary confinement. His Excellency was to be "left to cool his head," to quote your own words.'

'Did you starve him, Hyrax? You had no right to starve the boy.'

'No, your grace. He had everything of the best. The passage of Time did our work for us,' said Colonel Hyrax.

'Time? What time? The young fool hasn't been locked up two months. What are you talking about?'

'If I may explain?' begged Colonel Hyrax; and, his master nodding, he continued: 'I had prepared for his Excellency a commodious chamber, padded at walls, floor and ceiling with heavy quiltings of lamb's wool covered with grey velvet. There was a double window, out of which his Excellency might look at the wild countryside surrounding the Fortress.'

'Better than he deserved.'

'His viands were, as I have said, of the best. But his meat was cut for him, and all his cutlery consisted of was a horn spoon. For he was so violent, at first, that I feared the young gentleman might do himself a mischief.'

'Aye, aye, he always was an overbred, nervous young fool. Well?'

'Then we asked his Excellency for permission to shave his head,' said Colonel Hyrax. 'He gave it.'

'What the devil for?'

'Your Grace will see, presently. So, by his leave, we shaved off all his hair. We provided him with some quills, ink and paper, but nothing edged or pointed. To calm him, a mild and harmless opiate was mixed with his Excellency's breakfast. He ate, and then, leaning on the casement, gazed moodily at the landscape under the morning sun. He dozed, leaning thus, for perhaps five minutes. When he opened his eyes he was looking upon a night scene with a rising moon, and the attendants were bringing his supper. His Excellency was bewildered. "Am I bewitched?" he asked. But since, by your Grace's order, he was incommunicado, the attendants were silent.'

'Bewildered?' cried the Duke, 'So am I. From breakfast to supper—morning to moonrise—in a matter of hours. What was the purpose in bringing Stanislaus his supper five minutes after breakfast-time?'

'Pray let me explain, your Grace. The prospect beyond his window was *not* open country. It was a blank wall, upon which I had caused to be projected through a lens, by means of a powerful reflector, highly realistic scenes painted upon glass by one of the finest landscape artists in Europe. Thus, I could create a perfect illusion of the various stages of the day, and of the four seasons.'

'But what for?'

'In order, your Grace, without violating your law, to let his Excellency confuse himself in his conception of *Time*. Soon, he fell into a deep sleep, and an adroit barber shaved him and trimmed his nails. Men incarcerated can gauge Time, to a certain extent, by the rate of growth of their beards, you see. It was necessary to *bewilder*; it was necessary to let his Excellency *force himself* to have recourse to Reason, and to make his reasoning invalid. Do I make myself clear?'

'Go on.'

'Hence, he would awaken—let us say—at midnight, look out of the window, see high noon; doze again, rise again in ten minutes, and—lo! and behold!—dawn. Or, awakening while the attendants came in with supper. Sleeping soon after, by the judicious administration of opiates, he would start up to observe another sunset. So, after a week, he asked how many months he had been there. There was no reply of course.'

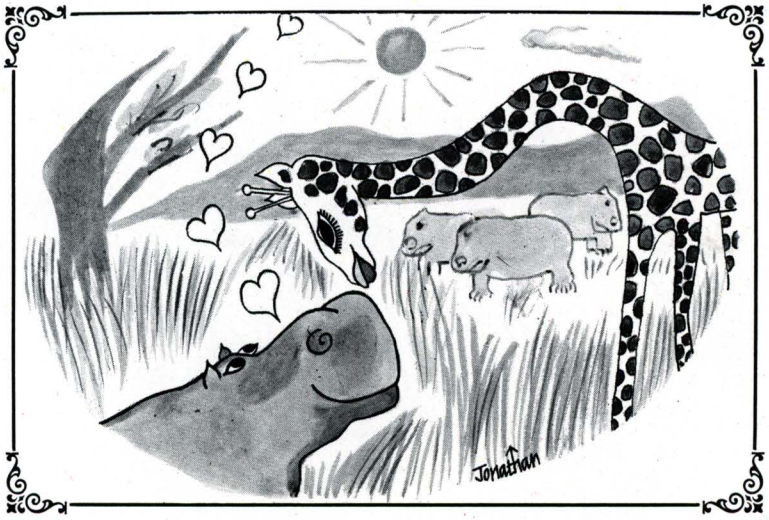
'Clever, clever,' said the Duke.

Colonel Hyrax bowed, and continued. 'Although the month was July, his Excellency awoke one morning to a scene of naked trees under a blanket of snow. Sometimes, breakfast, dinner and supper would arrive at intervals of only a few minutes after the clearing of the table. Or sometimes hours might elapse, after which his Excellency, starting out of a fitful sleep, might notice that it was early autumn now, where it had been mid-winter when he last looked out.

'I took good care—since men in prison sometimes grow preternaturally observant—to age the guards and waiters, and to see to it that their uniforms showed increasing signs of wear. The chief warder was always accompanied by a pair of great dogs. At first, it was a couple of wolfhounds. I replaced these with older and older wolfhounds. Then there was a new young warder, and he had a pair of mastiffs which, in their turn, I made appear to grow old, by a system of substitution.

'Naturally, I never entered the young gentleman's chamber myself. But I had my reports to rely upon. Your Grace—within a few weeks, your nephew believed that he had been incarcerated for an incomputable number of years! Your Grace has had a nightmare, no doubt?' /*continued on page* 73

a fable for our time



sex and the single hippopotamus

by jonathan clements

A SUAVE AND SINGLE HIPPOPOTAMUS named Quentin, who believed himself to be a reincarnation of the poet Shelley, emerged from his mudbath one summer day with the feeling of lust strongly upon him. Dissonantly he called for his bed and he called for his booze and he called for his mistresses three.

Up from the mud squelched the trio of female hippopotami who were all crazy for Quentin: Gertrude of the laughing eyes, Flossie of the haunted smile and Dorothea of the twelve-yard hips. One by one they flung themselves at Quentin's feet, aglow with true animal eagerness.

"My love is like a well," sang Gertrude. "Tempt me with sweet-talk, distract me with sin—"

"Hell, you're as fat and as ugly as a power station," said Quentin. "Ride the breeze, get out of town."

"I bear the poetry of romance in my soul," said Flossie. "Carry me off into a sunny whorl of unmarried bliss . . . "

"Not likely," Quentin replied, shuddering at the thought. "I quit the masochistic bit many moons ago. Next please—"

"Let me be your Juliet," crooned Dorothea in a dipsy state. "I will cook for you, and merrily entwine thy limbs, if you have any, around mine—"

"Dowdy lump!" cried Quentin, jumping up and down in the mud and splattering everybody in sight. "You're all obese lumps, unworthy of my caresses and sonnets. Oh why am I lumbered with such a blubber-happy harem?"

The disenchanted hippopotamus, all the Shelley drained from out of his head, slumped down in the mud and wept a blues born of despair and self-pity. But he sat up again like a flash when he espied, on the opposite side of the mudpool, a dishy giraffe tossing him a wanton glad-eye.

Wading from the mud Quentin walked across and whistled long and low at this vision of errant loveliness, adding, as an afterthought, "You in the mood for love?"

"Yes indeedy," said the giraffe, who bore the name Amanda Fair, as she wrapped a shapely hoof around his mighty neck. Therefrom she proceeded to nibble a discreet pathway to paradise down the length of his vertebrae, whilst Quentin frolicked in delight, yodelling:

"Let thy love and kisses rain on my lips and eyelids pale!"

"Jeeze," sighed Amanda. "You're a poet and don't know it."

"Ain't that the truth," said Quentin, in flames as he roamed around the lissom body of his new love in search of a harmless bout of interplay. When he closed in on the giraffe's thousand spots he cried:

"Egad, but you're skin *needs* Nivea!"

"Don't bug me, Daddy," said Amanda. "Just make with the truth of the thing . . . "

And lo, Sex in all its infamy reared its lovesome neck, and all around became steamheat. After the affair had exploded, all was cool and still.

"Paradise found," moaned Quentin, puffing dizzily away on a herbal cigarette.

"You win—I lose," agreed Amanda, wetly.

When they had rested awhile Quentin and Amanda upped and located Papa giraffe to see how he felt about inter-racial marriage.

"Just imagine," he beamed, placing a fatherly hoof around Quentin's shoulder, "a real live hippopotamus in the family. Boy, this is a proud moment for a simple peasant giraffe."

"Yeah, and what's more, I'm a poet," Quentin said. "And I have the power to stay under water for forty-eight hours."

"Incredible," said Papa giraffe. "Son, you have my blessing."

"Whoopee!" cried Amanda. "How very happy we will be in our new, architect-designed, split-level ranch-house in the verdant—"

"Yeah," said Quentin. "How very happy we will be in my mudbath."

"*Mudbath?*" gasped Amanda, all-aquiver.

"Of course." Quentin gestured widely and insanely. "Just think, beloved, you'll have a free Helena Rubenslocher beauty mudpack every day. In time you may even own a complexion as flawless as mine . . . "

With a whoop of fear Amanda grabbed hold of her father and galloped away. Soon they were lost to sight.

"What did I say wrong?" thought Quentin, as he trudged sadly away to his mudbath. Down he sank into the cool and clinging liquid, thinking that here, after all, was a world where men were men, and women were, of a kind, women; where he could play at being Shelley all day long and nobody would give a good Goddam.

MORAL: ***If you're sick of the sight of your kith and kin: Wear shades; it's cheaper than living in sin.***

FLAT TO LET
NO ANAEMICS
EBLESFIELD

Noah's Promise and the Mystery of Women

An Arab folk-tale from the Middle East translated by Menashe Kadishman

NO ONE HAS EVER EXPLAINED ALL OF THE VERY old mystery of women. But parts of the mystery are explained sometimes, as in this story from the Arabs.

When the Ark stood on Ararat Mountain after the flood, Noah the prophet had three sons and one daughter who was very beautiful. The sons were married but there was no man for the prophet's beautiful daughter. So Noah sent a dove and two flocks of other birds to fly out over the world and see if anyone was still alive. The dove flew over the water and over the land and after a long time she found a boy sitting on top of a mountain. The dove flew to the boy and told him the prophet Noah had a beautiful daughter. And, flying ahead of the boy, she led him over the mountains to the Ark.

For many days he travelled over mountains and through valleys until at last, very tired from his travelling, he came to the Ark.

"Ya Nebbi, O Prophet," the boy shouted to Noah, "thanks to God who saved me from the waters and thanks to the dove who tells me that you have a beautiful daughter."

"Yes, my son," said Noah, "I have a beautiful daughter. But what can you offer her?"

"I lost everything in the flood, ya Nebbi," said the boy. "I was only a poor shepherd. When the waters came I went up on the mountain with my flock. I stayed at the summit and the waters rose up around my neck. The flock was lost in the flood, but I was saved and I have only myself to offer your daughter."

"Go, my son," said Noah, "find some land, build a house. Then come back and I will give you my daughter."

"Na'am ya Nebbi, yes, O Prophet," said the boy, and he went.

Now one of the flocks of birds flew over the water and over the land and after a long time they found another boy who was lost in a valley. They flew to the boy and told him the prophet Noah had a beautiful daughter. And, flying ahead of the boy, they led him over the mountains to the Ark.

On the way over the mountains the boy found a herd of cows who had survived the flood. He brought them together and drove them before him and after many days, very tired with his travelling, he came to the Ark.

"Ya Nebbi, ya Nebbi," shouted the boy to Noah, "thanks to God who saved me from the waters and thanks to the birds who tell me you have a beautiful daughter."

"Yes, my son," said Noah, "I have a beautiful daughter, but what can you offer her?"

"I lost everything in the flood," said the boy, "and afterwards I found myself lying on a rock. When the birds flew before me to lead me to your Ark, I found these cows on the way."

"Go, my son," said Noah, "and build a barn for the cows and build a house. Put corn in the earth and come back and I will give you my daughter."

"Na'am ya Nebbi," said the boy, and he went with his cows.

Now the other flock of birds flew over the water and over the land and after a long time they found a third boy wandering by the bank of a river. They flew to the boy and told him Noah the prophet had a beautiful daughter. Then, flying ahead of him, they led him through the valleys and over the mountains to the Ark.

On the way through the valleys the boy found a ruined house with a fine olive orchard which was growing after the flood. But instead of stopping there he followed the birds until at last, very tired with his travelling, he came to the Ark.

"Ya Nebbi, ya Nebbi," the boy shouted to Noah, "thanks to God who saved me from the waters and thanks to the birds who tell me you have a beautiful daughter."

"Yes, my son," said Noah, "I have a beautiful daughter, but what can you offer her?"

"Following the birds through the valleys," said the boy, "I found a ruined house with a fine grove of olive trees which were growing after the flood."

"Go, my son," said Noah, "make oil from the olives, build up the house and put corn in the earth. Then come back and I will give you my daughter."

"Na'am ya Nebbi," said the boy, and he went back to his house and his orchard.

So the prophet Noah promised one daughter to three men. The days passed and one morning the shepherd boy came back to Noah.

"Ya Nebbi, ya Nebbi," the shepherd boy shouted to Noah, thanks to God who saved me from the waters and thanks to the dove who led me to your Ark. I have done as you said. I found some rich land, I built a house, and all is ready for your daughter."

Noah kept his promise. He killed a lamb and married his daughter to the boy, and the boy took her away to his house.

And when they were gone the boy with the cows came back to Noah.

"Ya Nebbi, ya Nebbi," he shouted, "thanks to God who saved me from the waters and thanks to the birds who led me to your Ark. I have done as you said. I built a barn for my cows, I built a house, and I put corn in the earth. All is ready for your daughter."

"Oooooh," thought Noah, "what shall I do now?" And he asked the boy to wait. He went into his tent and prayed to God. "O Allah, O Allah," he prayed, "please help me now. I promised my daughter to this boy and now she is gone. Please help me now or all men will say until the end of time that God's prophet Noah was a liar!"

"Bring your bitch dog into the tent," said God. And when Noah had done that, God said: "Kneel down, close your eyes, and make your prayer."

Noah made his prayer and when he raised his head and opened his eyes, the bitch dog was gone. A beautiful women stood before him in the tent and she was as slim and tall and lovely as a palm tree.

And so Noah kept his promise again. He killed a lamb and married the lovely woman to the boy, and the boy took her away to his house.

And when they were gone, the boy from the river came back to Noah.

"Ya Nebbi, ya Nebbi," he shouted, "thanks to God who saved me from the waters and thanks to the birds who led me to your Ark. I have done as you said. I made oil from the olives, I built up the house and I put corn in the earth. Everything is ready for your daughter."

"Oooooh, oh," thought Noah, "what shall I do now?" and he asked the boy to wait. He went into his tent and prayed to God. "O Allah, O Allah, I promised my daughter to this young man. She is gone and so is the other one. Please help me just this last time, or all men will say until the end of time that Noah, God's prophet, was a liar!"

"Bring your donkey into the tent," said God. And when Noah had done that, God said: "Kneel down, close your eyes, and make your prayer."

Noah made his prayer again and when he raised his head and opened his eyes, the donkey was gone. Another beautiful woman stood before him in the tent and she was as slim and small and lovely as a deer.

And so Noah kept his promise for the third time. He killed a lamb and married the lovely small woman to the boy, and the boy took her away to his house.

And since that time, women are often like bitch dogs and they are often like donkeys. But they are also, sometimes, like real women. And all because the prophet Noah promised his one daughter to three men.

STRIPES . . . (If it doesn't have a stripe it runs the risk of being either unseemly, un-British or both) . . . that's the new forward trend in menswear this Autumn. A representative selection of clothes from current collections show stripes in every manifestation of the lineal syndrome. Stripes to slim by; stripes vertical to increase your height with and stripes horizontal to give you that beefcake look that she professes not to care for.

FASHION BY MIKE WARD

PETE BRADY IN FASHION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD STIRLING

This handsome pin-stripe worsted suit (previous page) has the increasingly fashionable high fastening double-breasted line. An unusual feature is that there is no breast pocket. Price £30. Shirt has apron front and double cuffs, 72/6. Knitted Chenille tie, 45/-. All these items are from the new CUE department on the third floor at Austin Reed, Regent Street. This new shop-within-a-shop is well worth a visit. The selection of magazines is always up-to-date, the pin-table is amusing and inexpensive, and if you have the time, the range of exclusively designed clothes is excellent.

Black leather boots with elasticated gussets by Norvic, 120/-

Three-tone striped long-sleeved casual cardigan (left), in jersey knit with horn buttons, two side pockets trimmed with grey to match the edge of the cardigan, from Cecil Gee, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. £15 15s 0d

Cream cotton shirt (right) with black stripes has double cuffs, £3 12s 6d. Black silk tie, £1 10s 0d. Both from Jaeger, Regent Street, W.1.

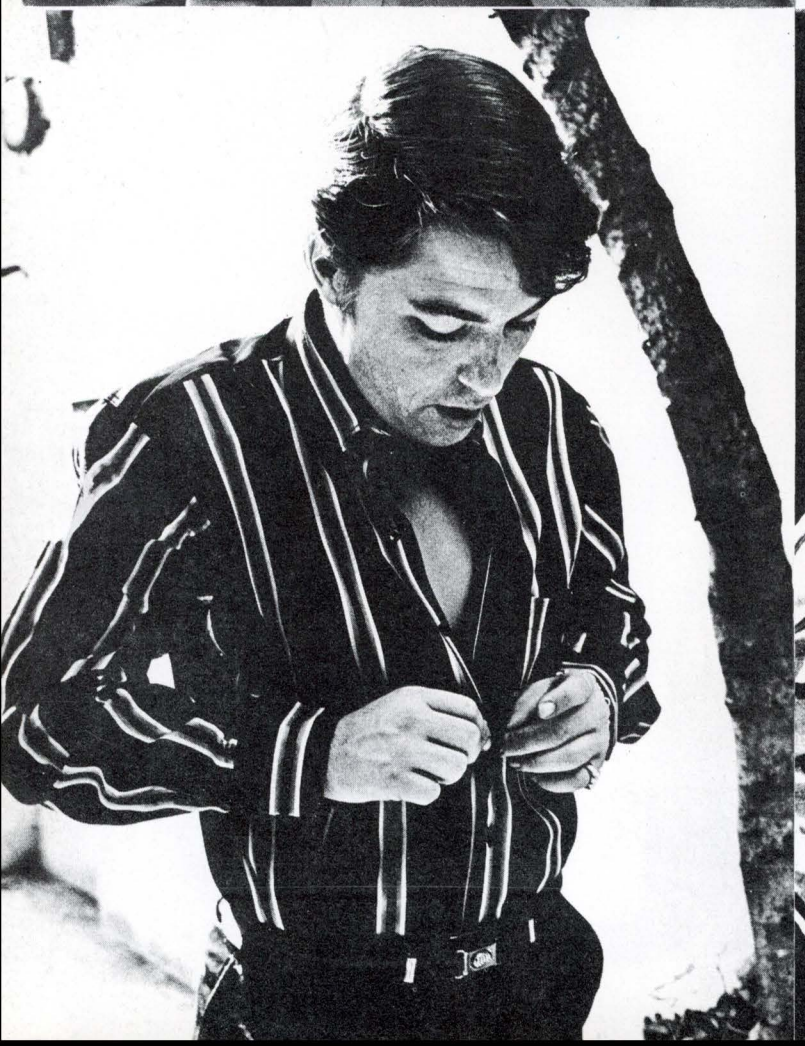
Polo neck sweater (left), by Sabre, in merino wool, has roll collar with solid colour body and loopstriped sleeves at 69/11d from Army & Navy Stores, S.W.1; Lord John, Carnaby Street, W.1; and all Sabre stockists.

Campus sweater (right) by Sabre has its own built-in stripe scarf. This is a thick-knit sweater in pure wool. There are a variety of colour combinations, but for my money the best is navy with red and green stripes. Price 99/6d from Rackhams Ltd, Birmingham; Lord John, Carnaby Street, W.1; and all Sabre stockists.

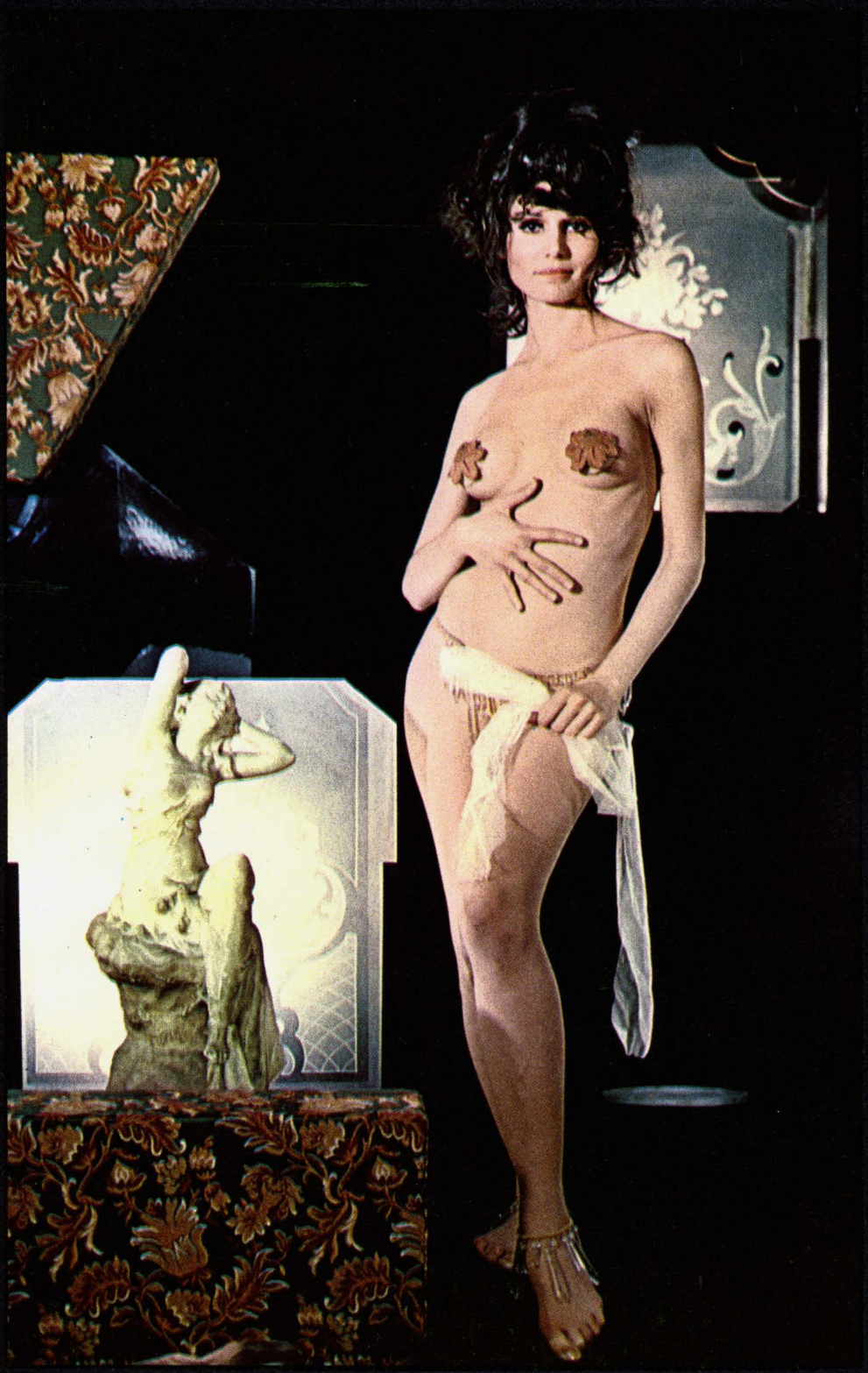
Note: If any PENTHOUSE *readers have any difficulty in obtaining any of the articles referred to in my monthly features or require details of stockists of any branded items, please contact me, Mike Ward c/o Penthouse Magazine.*

Fawn cotton shirt (left) by Rael Brook has button-down roll collar, fly front, 45/-. Available from all Rael Brook stockists. Multi-colour striped tie (left), has matching belt cover, 12/6d each, both from the John Stephen Store, Carnaby Street, W.1. Daylin shirt (below, left) in 100% cotton has soft button-down collar, available in fawn, red and blue, 59/6d. All branches, Cecil Gee Ltd. Daylin shirt (below, right) in 100% cotton with long polo collar, available in blue, grey and white at 59/6d. From all branches of Cecil Gee (including the new one recently opened at Deansgate, Manchester).

This month's PENTHOUSE *personality, Pete Brady, who appears as guest model in our fashion feature, has the unique distinction of being Britain's youngest disc-jockey, using the good popship Radio London as his musical base. Brady fell into his career quite unintentionally; arriving in France a short two years ago from his native Nassau, in the Bahamas, solely for the purpose of representing the West Indies team in the Water-Ski Championships. But somehow one European thing led to another; soon he was working as an assistant film producer in London, taking time off to ski for England at the tournaments in Amsterdam; and his experience with Jamaica Radio (5 years as a d.j. and sports announcer) helped him capture the aforementioned position with Radio London. Every morning he presents his own breakfast requests programme. A study of newspaper headlines will tell you that Brady is somewhat incident-prone. Earlier this year he rescued an American jet pilot from the sea, diving from Radio London's decks to get the airman safely aboard. And a short while ago he was the indirect cause of a teenage riot involving four thousand teenage girls at a beat contest at Wimbledon Palais. He has also appeared on television several times of late, in such programmes as "Sing a Song of Sixpence" and "Ready Steady Go."*



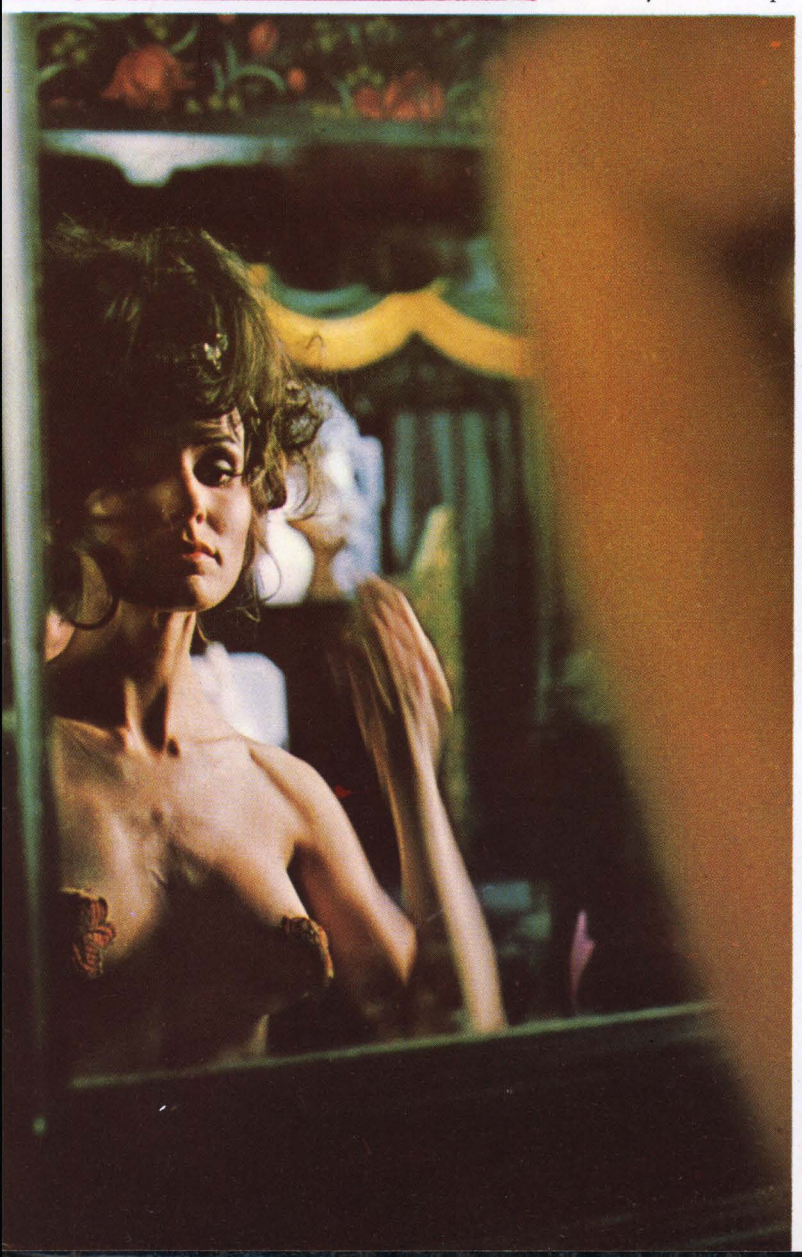
WHAT'S NEW



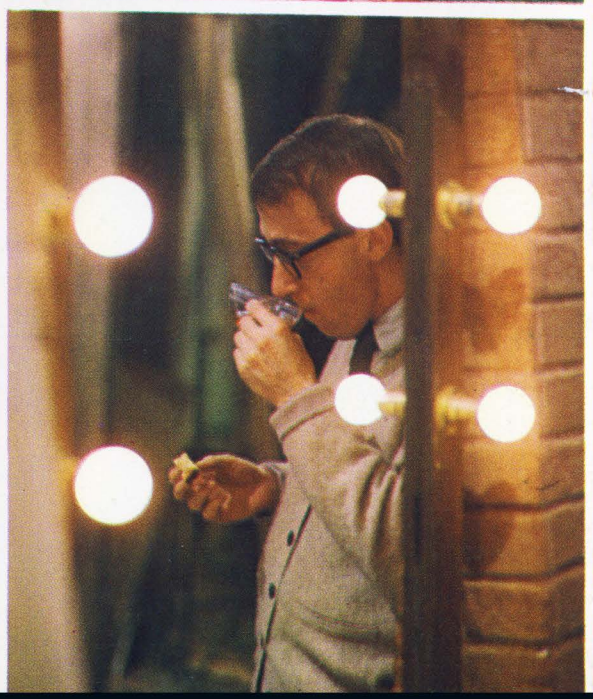
PUSSYCAT2

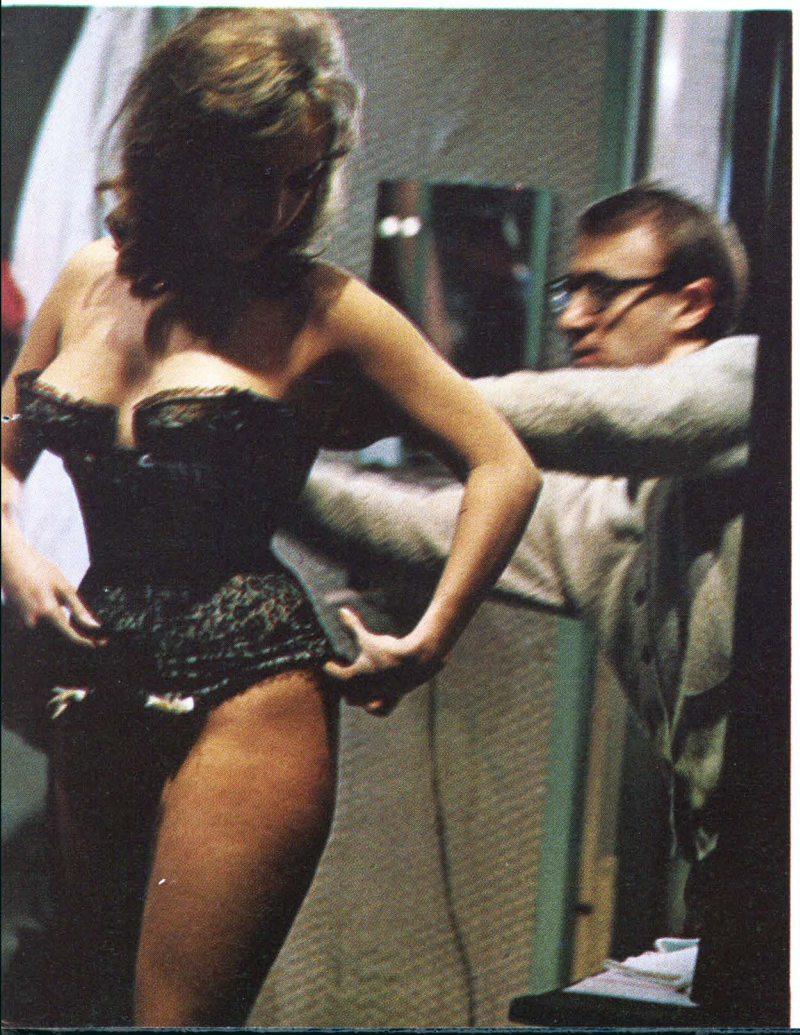
PHOTOGRAPHED EXCLUSIVELY FOR PENTHOUSE BY HATAMI

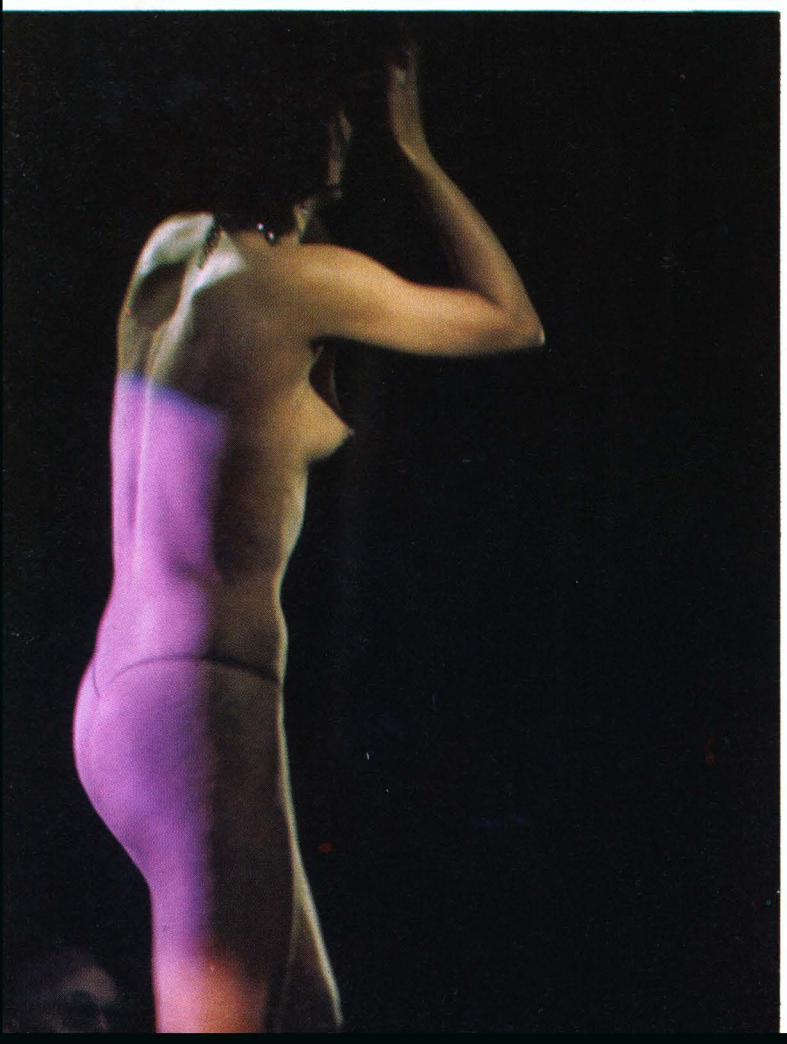
Miss Paula Prentiss, the tall all-American nut, detonates the once so gentle art of striptease in these explosive scenes from the new United Artists' release, *What's New Pussycat?* This exciting portion of the film was eliminated from the American and British version, but ho, what care we for restrictive censorship? Now, special attention should be paid here to the aesthetic arrangement of drape and fold, light and shade that permeates these stills. Not to mention Paula, who, it would seem, makes these stills move. A delectable feat indeed. Needless to say Miss Prentiss plays the part of a stripper in the film; a star, no less, of the Crazy Horse Strip Club in Paris. Romance of a kind blossoms between her and Peter O'Toole, but alas, when Peter creeps into Paula's apartment she serenades him with a recitation of avant-garde poetry. Like obscure, man. So, folding his tent like the Arabian Lawrence he recently portrayed, Peter steals silently away. No wonder. But that's how it is with strippers, it seems; they long to tread the slender step from lettuce (of the folding kind) to letters (of the reading kind). From hero to zero. No mind, however, the action has been preserved. Miss Prentiss, is reported to have lost a half-stone in weight while prancing for *Pussycat*. Nice to know it doesn't show. Now flick the page, whereon is revealed the backstage goings-on at that Crazy Horse Strip Club. Crazy, indeed.



Presenting, with problems of his own that he's proud to own, the original Woody Allen, alias Victor Shakapoplis. (Who? You heard.) In *Pussycat* he is making his screen début for the very first time. It's easy to see that Woody himself wrote the screenplay for this mirthful frolic, for he is cast in the role of a "dresser" at the Crazy Horse Strip Club. But, to our friend Shakapoplis, it's just another job. Although, upon close and careful examination of the evidence very much to hand, he does seem to be enjoying his toil a *little* more than the call of duty demands. Woody Allen came to this demanding part (from an acting standpoint, that is) fresh from a Stanislavskyan stint, i.e. Chekov's *Cherry Orchard*, in which he played, to use his own woods, pardon—words, the title role. In *Pussycat* (the idea of which, started life as just another joke) he doesn't get the girl. In fact, he doesn't even get the bird. And that, for a man who's played the part of a tree with real conviction, is rough luck.







We arrive at last at the plot—oh yes, there's one of those, too. The burning question is, will Fritz Fassbender, a somewhat mixed-up psychiatrist played to the core by Peter Sellers, be in time to save Peter O'Toole from a fate worse than a beautiful woman? And will Fassbender's mountainous wife Anna discover the secret of the missing libido? And what about Woody Allen, will he be callous enough to write in a happy ending for himself before the film's over? Fear not—all will be revealed on the silver screen. Speaking of revealment brings us naturally back to those Crazy Horse strippers, who of course play an integral part of the story. All right, so they *don't*, who cares? Certainly not our friend Vic Shakapoplis, who, in the meantime, has craftily written in for himself a cosy romance with the lush Romy Schneider; or Ursula Andress, who plays the part of a daredevil parachutist who seeks religion up there in the clouds. An appropriate place, one would think. The aforementioned plot thickens considerably when Peter O'Toole and Romy Schneider flee to a hideaway hotel, followed by Fritz Fassbender and his mountainous wife, followed by Woody Allen, followed by the Crazy Horse strippers, followed by the rest of the cast, who were lost without them. What happens then is even more confusing than the beginning of the story, but hooray! all ends happily: Peter O'Toole, after all is said and done, gets his girl. Which, as Lawrence of Arabia might have observed, is a whole lot better than getting his camel.

After the ball was over, and even during it, this kind of thing went on back-set. Everywhere Peter Sellers was to be seen imitating somebody; if it wasn't Fritz Fassbender (that's the long-haired one with glasses) it was Ursula Andress, or Paula Prentiss; there was no limit to Peter's versatility. And then there was Woody Allen, perfecting his part as a stripper's dresser *six days* after shooting was finished. As for Peter O'Toole, whose portrayal of a semi-conscious dream-boy astonished critics and cast alike—he, too, couldn't bring himself to stop acting when the final lights were dimmed. Not that he could be blamed, the way those Crazy Horse Strippers cavorted around, dressed in mock football outfits, or undressed in those football outfits. The directors and cameramen, too, joined in this hunt for cinematic fidelity, leaving no groan unturned in this sensitive struggle for meaningful, poignant entertainment. They were out on a limb, so to speak, and well they knew it. But the same could be said for the whole cast of this hilarious film; they were always searching for supreme acting ability, for sheer precision of movement and gesture, and, of course, for those Crazy Horse strippers. Now we're back to where we started. Which seems as good a time as any to leave.

Radio Times Hulton Picture Library

a CASANOVA curio

by Alan Hull Walton

Including an unknown fragment from the celebrated Mémoires in its first English translation

CASANOVA, THAT MOST ENVIED OF LOVERS, HAS, unfortunately, received little serious attention at the hands of English scholars—the only complete translation from his celebrated *Mémoires* being that made by the late Arthur Machen during the 1890s. This was privately reprinted in an expensive and limited edition during 1922, but did not attain open publication in England or the USA until more recent years.

The most profound and subtle study of the *Mémoires* and their author—in our own language—is contained in a very lengthy essay included by Havelock Ellis in his important volume entitled *Affirmations* (first published in 1898, but still available in the excellent *Selected Essays* included in Dent's perennial *Everyman* series).

"There are," says Ellis, "few more delightful books in the world than Casanova's *Mémoires*. . . . It is true, one learns casually that various eminent literary personages have cherished a high regard for this autobiography, have even considered it the ideal autobiography. . But these eminent personages locked up the secret

of their admiration for this book in some remote casket of their breasts; they never confided it to the cynical world."

Comparing the racy autobiography of the amorous Italian with that of his fellow-countryman, Gozzi, with the *Confessions of Rousseau*, with the equally fascinating *Monsieur Nicolas* of Restif de la Bretonne, and the *Mémoires Particulières* of Madame Roland, Ellis continues to inform us that "all these autobiographies are very unlike Casanova's. They mostly seem to present the shady sides of otherwise eminent and respectable lives." The distinguished and intellectual government official, Gozzi, for example, reveals himself as a monster ruled by petty weaknesses; Rousseau uncovers neuroses and quirks of character one would scarcely have suspected; Restif, that magnificent, if eccentric pioneer in social reform, devotes lengthy sequences to his erotic frenzies, while the austere Madame Roland confesses that she is a victim of unhappy passion. "But we are conscious of no such discords in Casanova," says Ellis. "Partly it may be because we have no other picture of Casanova before our eyes. Moreover, he had no conventional ideas to fall short of; he was an adventurer from the first. . . . But the chief reason why we feel no disturbing discord in Casanova's *Mémoires* lies in the admirable skill with which he has therein exploited his unquestionable sincerity. He is a consummate master in the dignified narration of undignified experiences. . . ."

And, of course, there are three sources from which this unequalled autobiography maintains its permanent and profound interest: Primarily it is a document of the most intense psychological interest, setting forth, as it does, "the full and veracious presentation of a certain human type in its most complete development." It also paints for us an accurate and reliable picture—an unrivalled picture—of European life during the 18th century, at every social level. Finally, considered simply as an adventure story well spiced with sex, and without any consideration of the honesty and precision of its author, this book would be difficult to beat. It certainly has no competitors on its own grand scale. . . .

Nevertheless, when first published, doubts were expressed as to the authenticity of these *Mémoires*; first by Ugo Foscolo, in the *Westminster Review* (1827), and later by the rarely to be controverted French scholar and bibliophile, Paul Lacroix, who expressed his certainty that the true author of the *Mémoires* (which he considered largely fictional) was Stendhal. This theory, as stupid as the Baconian theory of Shakespeare, was eventually disproved in a learned series of articles by Armand Baschet, whose proofs as to the authenticity of the autobiography were corroborated by Alessandro d'Ancona. During the present century, between the years 1920 and 1940, a miniature army of European scholars (mainly French and Italian) have shown how precise and accurate, both historically and personally, these memoirs really are. Assiduous research has brought to light facts concerning even the least important characters, revealing that Casanova was ever a stickler for truth. And the identity of some important socialites or dignitaries of their day, indicated in the text only by initials, has been uncovered with equal certainty.

But how did these enchanting volumes come to light? The story is fascinating. Casanova died during 1798, having already read the manuscript of his confessions to the Prince de Ligne, who admired them. They remained hidden, however, until the year 1820, when a young relative of the wily old adventurer (a certain Carlo Angiolini) turned up at the offices of the Leipzig publisher, Brockhaus, carrying 12 bulky bundles of a manuscript in Casanova's autograph, and entitled *Histoire de ma vie jusq'à l'an* 1797—for he wrote in French. Brockhaus had the work translated into German by Wilhelm Schütz, but with much expurgation, and not a few modifications. This German version appeared, volume by volume, between 1822 and 1828. Meanwhile, during the course of the publication of this faint echo of the original, the same publisher employed the Dresden professor, Jean Laforgue, to revise the original manuscript, asking him to correct Casanova's somewhat Italianate and vigorous French, so that it might meet with contemporary ideas of literary elegance. Laforgue was also instructed to suppress any passages which might be considered too obscene, to remove some undesirable political references, and to replace the names of some of the people referred to with simple initials. This was done as required, and the revised text made its appearance in 12 volumes, corresponding to the original 12 bundles of foolscap, as follows: The first two volumes appeared during 1826; volumes three and four during 1827; volumes five to eight during 1832, and volumes nine to 12 during 1838.

And there was a very important reason for the long interval between the publication of volume eight, and the publication of the remaining four volumes. . . .

During 1832, when only the first eight volumes of the Brockhaus-Laforgue text had appeared, Paulin, the Paris publisher, believing that the remaining four volumes would quickly be on sale, decided to pirate the work, and issued his own completely unauthorized reprint of these first eight volumes. Brockhaus, having heard that Paulin had promised his subscribers the final four volumes very soon, and doubtless in a furious rage at the effrontery of the man, withheld publication of the expected tomes. Paulin's subscribers meanwhile growing irate, he hit upon an ingenious plan to satisfy them. He obtained volumes nine to 12 of the Brockhaus-Schütz German edition, had them translated into French and edited by Philippe Busoni (a friend of the distinguished poet, Alfred de Vigny), and so completed his publication. But these final volumes of Paulin's edition were not only a translation of a translation. They were neither perfect nor faithful. Passages had been omitted or merely summarized—and, by comparison with Laforgue (published later), even further expurgated. So much so, in fact, that Schütz's four volumes are reduced, in Paulin-Busoni, to a kind of précis plus extracts, in two volumes! But curious things happen in this Paulin-Busoni version. Amongst other variants we find, in volume 10—in that section which represents the 11th volumes of Schütz and Laforgue—a long episode which I describe as *The Affair of the Tragic Night at Madrid.* This sequence appears neither in Schütz nor in Laforgue, and there is *no sign of it* in the original manuscript!

Owing to the insertion of the Madrid episode in the Paulin-Busoni text, and owing to other variants and divergences in the Schütz edition, it has been suggested that there may be two, or even more, original manuscripts all written by Casanova. Arthur Symons, for instance, found two missing chapters from volume 12, at the Chateau of Dux, early in the present century, and successfully compared this autograph with that still held by Brockhaus And

it is possible that Busoni, likewise, somewhere or other unearthed a missing section. The source, however, was never acknowledged. It all seems genuine enough, and quite in keeping with the remainder of the *Mémoires*. The incident, in fact, serves to explain a minor Casanova mystery—why was he arrested during his visit to Madrid? From the Brockhaus text it would appear this was because he was in possession of firearms—a somewhat trivial offence in those times. But insert the new episode at the correct point in the narrative, and the cause of the arrest immediately becomes apparent.

Machen, who translated direct from the original Brockhaus-Laforgue text, told me that until I mentioned it he had been entirely unaware of the existence of the Madrid episode; which thus does not appear in any of the editions of his translation. For the curious reader perhaps I should mention that the comparatively cheap Garnier edition of Casanova is a faithful and complete reprint of the Laforgue revision; that of Flammarion is a cheap and faithful reprint of Paulin-Busoni. And recently, of course, Brockhaus in Leipzig, and Plon in Paris, have jointly brought out a faithful, accurate, and very desirable text (without expurgations), printed *direct from the original autograph MSS*. But that is another story. . . .

These, then, are the *Mémoires* which once caused such a stir, though generally so little known in English-speaking countries (apart from smoke-room chatter and infinitely truncated single-volume versions). They represent a remarkable literary product executed during that amazing century which gave birth to so much genius: Voltaire (whom Casanova knew quite well), Hogarth, Fielding, Diderot, Blake, Rousseau, Swedenborg, Mesmer, Goethe, Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn, and even Sade.

And what should be our final summing up of the confessions of this man who claimed that "Truth is the only God I have ever adored"? Besides their impartial reflection of the 18th century with its healthy and robust attitude towards life and sex, they are possessed of unusual moral value in that, like the fairy-tales so beloved of children, they "help us to live peacefully within the highly specialized routine of civilization."

"Because," says Ellis, "he was so heroically natural, Casanova was not an average normal man. It is scarcely given to the average man to expend such versatile and reckless skill in the field of the world, or to find so large a part wherein to play off that skill. But neither are the saints and philosophers normal; St Bernard was not normal, nor yet Spinoza. And surely it is a poor picture of the world which would show us St Bernard and Spinoza and shut out Casanova. . . . Casanova's brain was a tool of universal use, and he never failed to use it. For if you would find the supreme type of the human animal in the completest development of his rankness and cunning, in the very plenitude of his most excellent wits, I know not where you may more safely go than to the *Mémoires* of the self-ennobled Jacques Casanova Chevalier de Seingalt."

And now, having explained the complicated history of these *Mémoires*, together with the little-known textual source for this Madrid episode, let us proceed to the translation itself, in which

Casanova describes his encounter with the lady of the small white hand, and the gruesome sequel to his tryst with her.

OPPOSITE THE HOUSE WHERE I WAS STAYING STOOD a fine mansion inhabited by a rich and distinguished gentleman. I refrain from giving his name as he may still be living. Often I had seen, at one of the first-floor windows of this house, a small white hand which mysteriously opened the Venetian blind a little way. Thereupon, as is usual with me, my imagination began to run riot. The mere sight of this hand was enough to conjure up a vision of one of those beautiful Castilian women with dark eyes, white skin, and a supple, yielding body.

Strangely enough my imagination divined the truth; for one fine night the blind was completely drawn up and I saw an enchanting girl, pale, and with a thoughtful expression. I fell into a state of amorous contemplation, yet she persisted in not noticing me. Nevertheless the window remained open, and the *señora* stayed at her post. I carried my hand to my heart, then to my lips, and assumed the attitude of a man stricken with admiration: but I could not discover on her virginal features any sign of emotion or sympathy. For a quarter-of-an-hour I wearied myself in mute protestations. Then all at once the countenance of the unknown lady showed signs of animation, her eyes sparkled, and as she lowered the blind it seemed to me that she was labouring under some profound emotion.

Astonished by this unexpected conclusion I sought to assure myself that fear of discovery had probably been the reason for her withdrawal. But it was night, a night as bright and starry as one always expects in Spain, and the street was deserted, silent. . . . I had seen but one man wrapped in a brown cloak hurriedly open a little side-door opposite, and disappear as quickly as he had come. This door belonged to the house immediately adjacent to the mansion: so what could one conclude, except that the visit was not intended for my mysterious unknown?

Yet how could I explain her sudden withdrawal at the precise moment when this cloaked gentleman had appeared beneath her windows? I was lost in possible explanations when, to my great surprise, after the lapse of only a short time, the blind was raised again and the young lady, paler than ever, came out to lean on the balustrade. This time she persistently fixed me with her look. I recommenced my dumb protestations of love, and believe I heard a faint sigh escape her lips.

At length I took a risk and made a significant gesture. She replied to it, and another sign informed me that I must be silent and exercise discretion. Then she held up a key and an envelope, and temporarily retired within once more. In the twinkling of an eye I was in the street beneath the lady's window. The key and the envelope fell into my hat. Back in my room I read these lines: "*Are you a gentleman? Are you brave and discreet? Can a lady*

depend on you? I want to believe so. Come then at midnight, using this key to open the small door in the wall of the neighbouring house. I shall be there. Be profoundly cautious, and do not come before midnight!"

I covered the note with kisses, I held it to my heart; and even though the blind was lowered I felt that I was observed. This recent communication straight from the pretty hand of the *señora* told me that she counted on my arrival. I was intoxicated with joy and love, and had completely forgotten Donna Ignazia. There remained two hours in which to dress and groom myself, and naturally, I took every care necessary in such circumstances. Nevertheless, great as was my enthusiasm, I could not help experiencing a sense of uneasiness. The behaviour of the young woman was by no means suspicious—my self-esteem put me easy on that score.

"But," I said to myself, feeling a little frightened, "if her father or some other guardian surprises me while I am in the house, then I shall be a dead man." There, in a nutshell, was something to reflect on. This impression of dangers into which I might possibly run was at one moment so strong that I would have let the whole matter go to the devil, had not my sense of honour restrained me. I had given my word, and it had been accepted: there was no more drawing back. Taking my pocket-pistols, and arming myself with my Venetian dagger, the triangular blade of which was not less than six inches in length, I went and opened the little door just as the bells were chiming midnight. In complete darkness I awaited the arrival of the *señora*. Soon a gentle voice whispered very softly: "Are you there?"

Feminine garments rustled against my side, another hand clasped my own, and I allowed myself to be led into a long gallery, the vast windows of which looked out upon beautiful gardens. The sight of my unknown removed all previous apprehensions of danger; never had a nobler expression animated more gracious features. I was still excited and confounded, but only by intoxicating thoughts of the voluptuous happiness awaiting me. We ascended a magnificently ornamented staircase, and shortly entered the apartment of my mysterious beloved. The room was panelled in black, on which, many times repeated, were silver plaques glistening with the monogram of her distinguished family. The only illumination came from two candles, and in the depths of this room I could discern a bed closed on all sides by heavy curtains. The unknown, whom I shall call Dolores, invited me to sit beside her: I fell to my knees and covered her hands with kisses.

"So you love me?" she questioned.

"Truly I love you! Can you doubt it? My heart, my life, everything I possess belongs to you!"

"I no longer doubt it. . But swear on this crucifix that you will grant me the favour which I am about to beg."

"I swear it!"

"You are a gentleman of considerable merit. Come!"

And she drew me towards her bed. I stepped forward to help open the curtains a little way. But her glance stopped me instantly. Never have I seen a glance express more pain, more anguish, or more despair.

"What ails you?" I asked, pressing her close against my heart; "Why are you trembling?"

"Oh! . . . I tremble not from fear. But you—are you not trembling at all? No . . .? Then look!"

She parted the curtains violently: there was a corpse on the bed, the corpse of a young man of magnificent physique. The disorder of his garments and the position in which he was lying indicated that death had come to him during one of those situations when one least expects it.

"What have you done?" I gasped.

"I have done justice! This young man was my lover. I have killed him, and I shall die of it. But I had good reason to act thus. Listen, a word will justify me: he deceived me!"

"But this is a horrible deed."

"You are a man of worth, you have promised me secrecy; bear that in mind; and remember that a moment ago you swore on the body of Jesus Christ to grant me the favour which I would ask of you."

"What do you demand, Madame?"

"Take this corpse from my sight. The river flows beyond the walls of this house; drag the body there that I may never see it again, I implore you!"

And she threw herself at my feet. What a scene! There she was, determination in her eyes, despair in her heart, looking more beautiful than ever—and beside her, myself, frozen with horror, wonderfully dressed and groomed—and this bleeding corpse between the two of us!

"Madame," I said quietly, the extreme danger of the situation lending me a composure of which I stood much in need, "—Madame, you are asking for my life, take it!"

"Those are noble sentiments," she said slowly; "a moment ago I did not love you—and now I do love you. . . . But," she added sadly, "I am no longer worthy of you." And melting into tears she flung herself on the bed.

Each moment of delay increased the chances of discovery.

"Madame, no more weakness. We shall have to hurry!"

Resolutely I lifted the body; but the sight of the cloak with which the young woman covered it recalled to my mind the man I had seen several hours previously, as he entered by the obscure little door, and I staggered with nausea and horror. It was then that Dolores, doubtless touched by the risks to which I was exposing myself for her sake, attempted to oppose my purpose.

"Stop!" she cried. "You are lost if anyone meets you."

"And you also will be lost if this corpse remains where it is. . . ."

So, laden with my frightful burden, I turned towards the door. Dolores followed me, a candle in her hand. Speedily I gained the street, and then the river-bank. Disembarrassing myself of the body I sank to the ground exhausted and almost fainting. Nor did I notice that my clothes were all bloody until I reached my rooms. Once there I fearfully occupied myself in removing the stains of murder from them and passed the entire night consumed by anxiety, thinking of nothing but the means whereby I might flee Madrid as quickly as humanly possible.

I did not leave my room the following day; continually on the *qui vive* I peeped from my window, watching the comings and goings in the street below. I was also extremely uneasy as to the situation of Dolores. But her Venetian blinds were not lowered again. . .

"Now in this scene you fall in love with the beautiful white Goddess but you can't do anything about it because you're a gorilla—"

The Second Youth of Henry Ainslie

continued from page 22 no youth," said the stranger, sighing as he pondered the tragedy. "You have reached the age of the joked at, the laughed about—who ever had compassion for a sugar daddy, especially a sugar daddy with no sugar?" The stranger laughed and his laugh belied his sigh.

"Old men are shadows to young women; you flicker into their consciousness and out again; for a moment, you are the centre of their lives, the customer, the client, the man with the begging-bowl, and then once more you are forgotten."

"I want her," said Mr Ainslie, although with little conviction.

"Supposing you had her, what would you do with her? Treat her like a daughter? Dress her in a smock and put a crook in her hand and then paint her? Entice her to your home with the promise of a lovely bunch of homegrown flowers, and then display yourself to her in the living-room? She probably wouldn't even notice it."

"No," went on the stranger, slicing through Mr Ainslie's bubbling protests, "there's little purpose in the chase when the hunted is young and fleet and the hunter crippled with old age."

"My arthritis is better to-day."

"I am delighted. I am sure Miss Rand would be too. 'My arthritis is better'—a romantic gambit bound to precipitate her into your arms."

Mr Ainslie's eyes filled with furious tears. "What then do you suggest?"

"You want youth, take it. Wait until the café shuts, and when Miss Rand comes out, raise your hat to her. As you do so, touch her."

"I wouldn't dream of doing such a thing."

"Your dreams of Miss Rand have hitherto shown no such restrictions. Goodbye." The stranger went out with his long stride.

For the rest of that day Mr Ainslie dithered. The café shut at six; as a distant clock pealed, Jenny Rand came down the steps of the café and Mr Ainslie, pretending to be passing by, raised his hat to her. She smiled at him and staring deeply into her eyes Mr Ainslie felt his love a vivid, if not a vigorous thing.

"May I escort you?" he asked her.

"Where?" asked Jenny.

"Are you perhaps going home. Or—perhaps a cinema—would you like to come to the cinema?"

"That would be lovely," Jenny said; she took Mr Ainslie's arm and looked up into his face and the shabby strictures of the stranger fell away; love was warm in him and his bones were warmed, there was a spring in his step and he felt like throwing away his cane.

He brought two circle seats at the cinema —how many years since he had taken a girl to the cinema?—and followed her inside.

Behind them, two rows back, the stranger leaned forward, smiling.

Shyly, not daring to hold it but wanting benignly to touch it, Mr Ainslie patted Jenny's hand. The film came on, the crescendo of music bursting over the credits drowning Jenny's gasps.

Longing once more to feel that smooth plump hand, Mr Ainslie covered it again with his. It took him a few seconds to realise that the hand was different, that it was rough to his touch, and wrinkled.

At the same time, something happened deep within him; desire, how long since he had known desire, flooded into him. Jenny would be his, he now felt no doubt about it at all, he could gallop up the Matterhorn, become World Champion racing driver, run a mile in three minutes. He wanted to leap up, to shout above the words from the screen, but decorum restrained him. Yet now that he had no feeling but confidence, he would take Jenny's hand and squeeze it; the time for timid pats was past. Towards Jenny he felt not the least paternal.

He turned to her, but her face was no longer on a level with his. He leaned down, and blinked. In the light from the screen he thought the bright and sparkling eye of the girl had gone bleary, and surely these were wrinkles on her hand, on her cheeks. Someone along the row lit a cigarette, and in the flare of the match Mr Ainslie saw on the floor in front of Jenny what looked like teeth.

The old Henry Ainslie would have fainted; the new ran from his seat and asked the manager to demand on the screen if there were a doctor in the house.

The manager did so; the moment the letters appeared, superimposed on the film, a tall figure arose and told the manager he was a doctor, and could he help?

"I don't really know what's wrong," the Manager said. "I think the old lady's lost her false teeth, but she's terribly upset about it. In fact, she's fainted."

Jenny was carried into the manager's office. "I'll take a look at her," the stranger said with authority, and went in.

"I'll go in too," said Mr Ainslie.

"You were with the lady?" asked the manager.

"Yes—at least, I was with a young girl."

"Hardly your party, then, Sir?" The manager looked at him as though he were demented, and indeed he thought he was.

"She was young—" no use to explain, no use at all.

"We'll wait in the lobby until the doctor's finished," said the manager, and turned away. Mr Ainslie threw open the door to the office and slammed it.

Jenny was lying on a couch, her face shrivelled, her hair grey and lank. The stranger stood over her, smiling.

"My God!"

"Hardly," said the stranger, wincing but still smiling.

"You—" Mr Ainslie stopped. He had caught sight of himself in a mirror. Young Henry Ainslie, just as he had been some fifty years ago, only perhaps a little better-looking, a shade more dashing, although his suit had burst at the shoulder and his trousers were well above his ankles.

"You see, I answered your wish. I nearly answered it three weeks ago with Mona Greasely, but I thought you would not have sufficiently appreciated her sacrifice. After all, you didn't like her much and again, the poor child has so little, I thought it kinder to let her keep it. Jenny's gift will mean so much more to you."

Mr Ainslie choked with tears. "I don't want her gift. I loved her—what use is youth to me if she is—is . . . ?"

"How sentimental of you. However, a little of that does you credit." The stranger put a hand on Mr Ainslie's shaking shoulder.

"There is only one youth—at least, for most people. But so many girls, so many, many girls. To-morrow, you will have a new conquest, and her I shall not demand of you. The day after, another. For the next few years you can enjoy so many women, and then select one to bear your children, to project your name through history. And," added the stranger thoughtfully, "I should so like to be the first child's godfather—" he had trouble pronouncing the first syllable, somehow it came out satanfather.

Jenny stirred. "Where am I?"

"In the manager's office at the Odeon, my dear," said the stranger. "You fainted."

"Did—" she tried to clear her throat, her voice was shrill, and remained so, "did—" she saw her hands. Slowly, with difficulty, she stood up.

"No, Jenny, don't look!" cried Ainslie, leaping to block the mirror, but he was too late. Jenny cried out, her eyes bulged before she again fell unconscious.

"Go," said the stranger, "and enjoy your youth. Make the most of the next twenty years, then you'll enjoy the rest, build firm foundation in youth so that middle age and old age will be well grounded."

The stranger snapped his fingers and Ainslie saw a vista of cool moons and warm lips, palm trees and girls in bikinis, dancing and swimming and water-skiing and most important of all, the stride of a young and vigorous man, spanning the years, proud and self-confident and swift with beauty.

"Advance," said the stranger, "take it—I give it to you."

"Jenny gives it to me," Ainslie said.

"I through Jenny give it to you," said the stranger with annoyance. "How wide must a gift-horse open its mouth?"

"I want your gift. But not on your terms."

"Terms? I do not deal in terms. I do not bargain with you, my friend. I say: Advance!"

The old woman on the sofa did not resemble Jenny at all. Pretend, he told himself, pretend that she was always old, pretend that there never was a Jenny, advance as the stranger said.

A thought came to him; he tried to fight it down. "No," the stranger said, "if I grant you forgetfulness of what I—and Jenny, of course— have given you, you will take us and your second youth for granted. And being taken for granted is a dislike I share with any mortal. Besides, your conscience is my ransom."

"I could not live with my conscience, I just couldn't live with it!" Ainslie burst into tears. "Give me back my age! Give me back my old age!"

"Couldn't live with it? Then to hell with you!" cried the stranger. He pointed at Ainslie, who tried to move, to rush upon the stranger and hit him, but had to remain where he was, paralysed and impotent. He crumpled, bent forward, felt the thrust of youth give way to the ache of age.

Yet he felt a vast happiness even in the sorrow of losing; and Jenny had been so kind, so affectionate before, perhaps now she would look at him with at least a grateful pleasure.

He tensed, waiting for the old woman on the sofa to become young again, to take her by the hand and lead her back to their seats.

There was no change; she came to and looked up at him, but she was still old, a faint trace of lovely Jenny in her face.

"I suppose I admire, although of course I do not condone, a decent deed," said the stranger. "You gave up your chance of a second youth so that you might not rob Jenny of hers. Therefore the least I can do is to give you a little comfort for your old age. In addition, of course, to a clear conscience."

Ainslie, old Mr Ainslie, fell to his knees, weeping. "I beg of you, give Jenny back her youth. If you can't change your mind and make us both young together—"

"I can change it, but I fear you cannot," rebuked the stranger. "Am I supposed to be a creature of pity? Am I supposed to be susceptible to human pleading, to have compassion on your frailty? Do you think I am He?" he laughed, opening the door. "Let Him have you both—He won't have to wait long."

"Please!" screamed Mr Ainslie, painfully jerking to his feet, "please! Give Jenny back her youth!"

"I give her your old age; bless me for bestowing on it a fragment of romance." The door slammed, laughter billowed down the corridor.

"Forgive me, Jenny, forgive me," wept Mr Ainslie. "In God's name, forgive me."

Jenny reached out her new thin shrivelled arms. "A little late to call on God, isn't it?" Hands hooked into talons, she advanced, her face a devil's joke of hatred.

The man who had sacrificed voluntarily his second youth, and the woman who had had snatched from her her first, swirled in senile combat.

The Old Poison Spider Shop

(*continued from page* 43)

MR KRAMER

Shall I wrap it up?

MRS FAZZOLA

(*Pause*)—I'll eat it here.

MR KRAMER

Eat it here?

MRS FAZZOLA

Let them be happy together. I'm in *their* way.

MR KRAMER

You want it for—yourself?

MRS FAZZOLA

(*Unrolling her sleeve*) Let him take a bite of my arm.

MR KRAMER

Better you should just drop it down your dress and hope for the best.

MRS FAZZOLA

What would *you* do in my position, Mr Kramer?

MR KRAMER

Me? Kill them both.

MRS FAZZOLA

But what if you knew they were genuinely in love? Then what?

MR KRAMER

Then—I might roll up my sleeve, too.

MRS FAZZOLA

Well, you better, Mr Kramer—because my husband is having the affair with *your* wife!

MR KRAMER

(*Stopped, stunned*) Bite your tongue.

MRS FAZZOLA

Cross my heart.

MR KRAMER

Give me proof.

MRS FAZZOLA

(*Taking a letter out of her blouse, slamming it on the table*) Read and weep.

MR KRAMER

(*Slowly picking it up*) A love letter?

MRS FAZZOLA

Eat your words.

(*He reads, faster and faster, staggers, sits, crumples the letter.*)

MR KRAMER

It's Fanny's handwriting—and she signs it "Your ever loving Pussy."

MRS FAZZOLA

I stole it last night from his pants.

MR KRAMER

(*He sits*)

What fools we are, Mrs Fazzola. And she told me she was going all the time to the Open Fly Market.

MRS FAZZOLA

Please. Call me Gabriella.

MR KRAMER

Call me Isadore.

MRS FAZZOLA

Who can we turn to now for comfort—except each other?

MR KRAMER

After twenty-eight years of living in one room in the back and running a family business together, she does this to me. There's only one thing left—mine pets.

MRS FAZZOLA

You mean—?

MR KRAMER

(*Slowly standing, sadly looking at his spiders*) Who shall it be? Esther? Nathan? Sheldon? Morris? Who will help the old man?

MRS FAZZOLA

You wouldn't?

MR KRAMER

Wouldn't you? (*Handing her a jar*) On the house.

MRS FAZZOLA

After you.

MR KRAMER

Ladies before gentlemen.

MRS FAZZOLA

Age before beauty.

(*He opens a jar, turns it upside down on his arm, then he clutches his heart and collapses at once. Mrs Fazzola covers the lid quickly. Then she goes to Mr Kramer and looks into his face, feels his heart, opens his eyes. Then she goes to the window and signals with the window blind three times. She unbolts and unchains the front door. In slowly comes Fanny Kramer.*)

MRS FAZZOLA

—Your husband is dead.

FANNY KRAMER

After twenty-eight years of misery in the poison spider business—I'm free.

MRS FAZZOLA

We're free.

(*Mrs Kramer moves into Mrs Fazzola's arms and sobs.*)

MRS FAZZOLA

(*Comforting her*) There, there. Shh. Everything's going to be all right now . . .

They go through the curtains to the back. A few seconds pass—then Mr Kramer slowly raises his head. He is definitely not dead.

MR KRAMER

(*Picking up the jar on the table*)

Thank you, Morris.

He rises and goes to the curtains and peeps through—but what he sees we dare not say. His tragedy is immediately replaced by hate. He opens the jar which he holds still in his hand and releases the spider into the next room. Mr Kramer slams and locks the door, listens intently against it. There is heard a terrible scream, then another, followed by furious banging and clawing on the door for half a minute, then moans and sobs which gradually subside. The Old Man slowly opens the door and goes inside. He comes back out with two large spiders in a web, goes to the counter and takes down an open jar, drops them in and tightens the lid.

MR KRAMER

Make love, mine pets. But don't fight—Gabriella and Fanny . . .

(*He smiles at them satanically as the lights dissolve on—*)

THE END

Murder Out of A Hat

continued from page 41 cribbing?"

"None, Professor. I swear it!"

"I wonder if the dean will believe that."

"Please, Professor!"

Jarvis shuffled to the blackboard and began wiping off chalk marks with furious concentration. Then he turned.

"I won't report you, Hatch. Not to the dean. It's too early in the semester to get a student into trouble."

"Gee, that's swell of you—"

"But I don't intend to let your dishonesty go unpunished. So I'm writing to your father tonight."

"To my father? What for?"

"I find that I'm often not as persuasive as a parent," Jarvis said acidly, "so I intend to enlist some support in your discipline. That will be all, Mr Hatch."

Jarvis started for the door; Perry's hand clutched at his sleeve. "Professor, wait a minute! You don't understand about my father. I mean, about what he's like—"

"I hope he's very, very strict."

"He'll murder me! He'll cut off my allowance!"

Jarvis pulled his shabby sleeve away, and marched out of the classroom in solemn, immovable righteousness.

Dino was waiting at the general's statue when Perry emerged on to the campus. Dino had a close-cropped head round as a melon, and an expression almost as blank. Perry, a good-looking boy with a sullen mouth, was even more sullen when Dino inquired about the interview.

"The old crumb," Perry muttered. "He says he's going to write my old man. Boy, I can see the fireworks now."

"Gee, that's tough, man."

"What's he always pickin' on me for? What makes him so mean?"

Dino chuckled. "You know what they say about him, Perry. About what a terror his wife is. Man, he's the original henpecked husband, you know that."

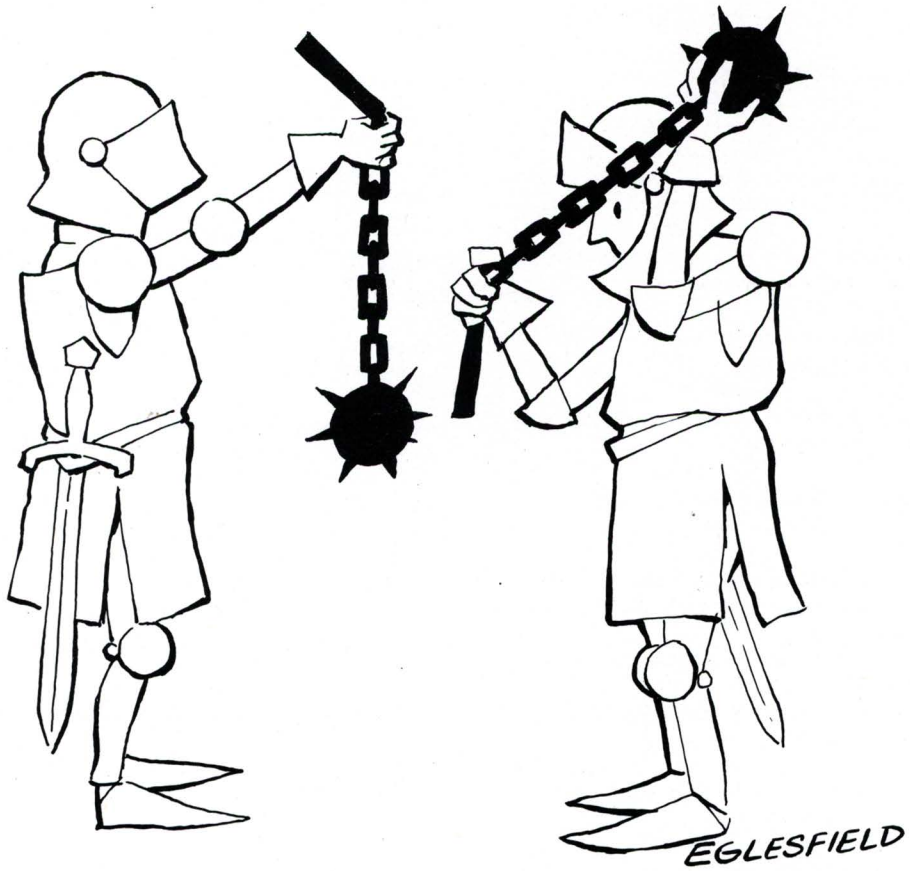
"Yeah, I'll bet that's it, all right. That old shrew gives him hell every night, and he takes it out on us."

"Remember what happened last year? When she chased him out of the house, and he had to bunk at the Reo Hotel?" Dino chuckled. "Man, that was a ball. Remember how everybody razzed him in class the next day?"

"Well, I hope she makes him suffer tonight."

"No such luck," Dino said. "She's not home. She went off to visit her sister or somebody a couple of months ago, and she's not back yet."

"That's too bad," Perry grunted. "Now I got nothing to look forward to. Except getting my allowance cut off."



"Gee," Dino said genuinely concerned, "maybe if you went to see the Professor—"

"What good would that do?"

"Well, maybe if you swallowed your pride, apologized—"

"You really think that might work?"

"You'll probably have to crawl a little. But that's better than losing your allowance, right? Go on, see the old boy tonight. I'll come with you, if you want."

"You mean it?"

"Sure," Dino said, clapping his back. "Let's get a hamburger and you can rehearse your speech. Er, by the way, can you pick up the check? I'm tapped out."

At night, the university was the smallest of small towns, the tiny residences at its perimeter darkened early. Professor Jarvis's house was no more than a bungalow, with a small lawn in front and neighbours flanking him on both sides. As Perry and Dino approached, they saw a yellow light illuminating his study. They could discern, through the large front window, the book-crammed room, the desk covered with papers, reference works and general bric-à-brac. A skeleton was strung in one corner, an anatomical chart hung crookedly in another; a motheaten moose head above the mantelpiece looked down forlornly. They saw it all from the street, but no Professor.

"Well, come on," Dino whispered. "You goin' in or ain't you?"

Perry halted, chewing his lip. "Aw, what's the use? You know the old guy. He'll just bawl me out again."

"You're chicken," Dino said tauntingly. "That's what's the matter with you."

"It's not that. Besides, I don't even see him."

There was a scraping noise near the house; it startled them both, and they moved into the shadows guiltily.

"What was that?"

"How should I know?" Dino complained. "Will you go to the door, for Pete's sake?"

"I think he's coming out."

"The noise came from the back. Probably a cat."

Perry moved cautiously round to the back of the Professor's home with Dino grumbling behind him. When he saw the stream of yellow light spill into the back yard, he pulled Dino aside and flattened himself against the siding. There was the scuffle of footsteps, and both recognised the heavy tread of Professor Jarvis on the back steps. The next sound was a metallic clang, and Perry peeked cautiously round the corner and saw the old man lifting the cover of a trash can. It was a simple, homey action, but the object that was being relegated to the trash pile was unusual; it was a large round cardboard box, still prettily tied with a pink ribbon. Jarvis shoved it into the container, and pressed the lid down. Then he shuffled back to the house and closed the door.

"Did you see that?" Perry whispered.

"See what? He was just throwing out some junk."

"In a box? With ribbon on it?"

"Okay, so he's neat."

Perry snorted and pulled Dino's arm. "Come on," he said. "Let's take a peek at it."

"Aw, look, Perry—"

"Come on!"

They tiptoed to the back of the house. Perry, delicate-fingered, lifted the trash-can lid, and Dino pulled the round box from the top of the pile. Then Perry replaced the cover noiselessly, and they headed down the street again.

They didn't examine the contents until they were a good six blocks from the residential area. They ducked into a dorm hallway, and Perry placed the box on top of a radiator. But before he attacked the pink ribbon, he paused and looked at Dino with a numb expression.

"Wait a minute," he whispered. "I just thought of something."

"What?"

"You say the Professor's wife's been gone a long time?"

"Yeah. Why?"

Perry wiped his hands on his trousers, staring at the box. "Dino, maybe you'll think I'm nuts—"

"I do already."

"I'm serious. You know how his wife treated him. What if—I mean, isn't it possible that the old guy finally got up enough nerve to do something about her?"

"Like what? Hey! What's eating you, Perry?" Then he followed Perry's eyes to the box. "Oh, my God," he said. "For Pete's sake, Perry, you don't mean that—"

"It happens, doesn't it? I mean, guys are always knocking off their wives. He said she was visiting her sister, but that doesn't make it true."

"You don't think that box has—"

"We better open it," Perry said grimly.

"Not me! Oh, no, not me!" Dino said. "You tried to scare me, buddy, you succeeded. You want to open that—that thing—you go right ahead. But I'm not touching it!"

Perry laughed. "Don't be a jerk. It's probably just some old orange peels."

"Well, you open it then. Go on."

Perry put his hand on the bow, but hesitated.

"Go ahead!" Dino said. "You started this, pal. You finish it."

Perry slid the ribbon off the box. Then, cautiously, with Dino moving back two steps in preparation for grisly surprises, he lifted the lid.

It was a hatbox, for reposing in it, still nestled in tissue, looking fresh from the milliner's, was a perky little straw hat gaily decorated across its front with a spray of artificial flowers.

"It's a hat," Perry said blankly. "Just a hat."

"For the love of Pete," Dino breathed.

"Only what's he throwing it out for? I mean, it looks new."

"Maybe he doesn't like it."

"Yeah, but I'll bet his wife does. Yet he throws out a brand-new hat, just like that."

"Well, his wife can't complain. She ain't here."

"That's just the point," Perry said. "She's not here. So he can do anything he wants." He grabbed his friend by the bulky collar of his sweater. "Don't you see it, Dino? He threw it out because he didn't want it any more—because she won't be needing it."

"You're crazy, Perry!"

"It's the truth! Can't you see it? He did get rid of her. Now he's getting rid of her things. Little by little. Piece by piece—"

"He wouldn't have the guts—"

"How do you know? He's been pushed, buddy, he's been pushed hard! And he pushed back! The hat proves it!"

"But what about her body? Where's her body?"

"Who knows? Maybe he buried it. Maybe he burned it. Maybe he even—" His eyes glowed with excitement. "Listen, if anybody would know how to dispose of a body, it would be Jarvis. I mean, it's his business, it's his life, this biology stuff. He probably dissolved her in quicklime—"

"Cut it out!" Dino squirmed. "You're giving me the shivers."

"And that old crock was going to write my father! About me!" He laughed wildly. "And all the time, he's a killer, a murderer! And he was going to complain about me!" He shoved Dino ahead of him. "Come on, buddy—"

"Where we going?"

"To the cops! That's where!"

Lieutenant Jack Roman sat quietly, solemnly, and attentively, and didn't take the liberty of smiling until the eager, tumbling speech of the hot-eyed youngster finally seemed over. Then he tapped the hatbox with his fingernail and said:

"And because of this, you want me to accuse a man of killing his wife?"

"I know it sounds nuts," Perry said. "I know it isn't any kind of proof. But if you'd just ask around. I mean about what kind of home life Jarvis and his wife had—you probably wouldn't find it so hard to believe."

Roman filled a pipe slowly. "Tell you the truth, boys, I know that part already. I don't think there's anybody in town who doesn't. But fights and bickering and stuff like that—well, murder isn't the usual outcome."

"Then where did Mrs Jarvis go, huh?"

Roman shrugged. "We didn't check her movements; no need to. If Jarvis said she went to see her sister, that's probably where she went And as for the hat—well, maybe she told him to throw it out. Maybe she was tired of it."

Perry slumped in the wooden chair and looked at Dino. Dino hoisted his plump shoulders and spread his palms outward. Roman smiled again, this time sympathetically.

"It's not that I don't appreciate this, boys. But you see how it is. Of course, if you really want to set your minds at rest, we could always call Mrs Jarvis at her sister's house . . . "

"You think we could?" Perry said eagerly, hating to see the victory slip away. "Could we call her tonight?"

"Well, it's a little late . . . "

"It's only nine o'clock!"

Roman smiled and picked up the telephone.

"Phyllis?" He said to the operator. "You know Professor Jarvis's wife, I think her name's Margaret? She's gone over to visit her sister in Peggotville, but I don't know her sister's name . . . "He covered the mouthpiece and winked at the boys. "Phyllis knows everybody and everything." Then he he returned to the receiver. "What's that? . . . Yes, I guess that must be it, Beattie. Would you give Mrs Beattie a ring? Thanks, Phyllis."

He hung up and drummed on the desk until the phone jangled. Then he picked it up.

"Mrs Beattie? Sorry to disturb you, Mrs Beattie, but I was just wondering if Mrs Jarvis was with you at the moment? It's nothing important, but" he stood up, taking the telephone with him. "What's that, Mrs Beattie . . . ? Well, no, I thought she was there . . . Yes, I guess I must be mistaken . . . No, no message."

He dropped the receiver back, but kept his eyes on it, biting his lower lip.

"What's the matter?" Perry said. "Isn't she there?"

"No," Roman said softly. "She was never there. Her sister hasn't seen her in over a year."

Dino whistled, and Roman picked up the hatbox.

"Maybe it wouldn't hurt," he said casually, "to talk to Professor Jarvis. Just for a few minutes . . . "

"Can we come along?"

"You can wait for me outside," Roman said. "But keep those imaginations under control; we don't know anything for a fact. Understand?"

"Sure," Perry Hatch said, with a small triumphant grin in Dino's direction.

The lieutenant drove them back to the Professor's house, but when he stepped out of the car, the hatbox in his hand, he commanded Perry and Dino to remain quietly in the back seat.

"You wait here," he said sternly, "and hold down the conversation. If I need you for any reason, I'll call you."

"Yes, sir," Perry said obediently.

The obedience was a ruse; as soon as Roman gained admittance to the house, Perry stepped out of the car and beckoned Dino after him. When his friend protested, he whispered, "I'm not waiting in the car. I want to hear what happens."

"You're asking for trouble," Dino said.

"Who's chicken now?" Perry grinned.

He tiptoed towards the front window; there was a thick hedge beneath it, high enough for concealment. Crouching, he moved among the branches, ignoring the prickly twigs. When he finally heard noises in the study, they were too faint for clarity. Then the occupants of the room must have moved, because he plainly heard the husky, querulous sound of Professor Jarvis's voice.

"I don't understand this, Lieutenant," he

said. "Why this sudden interest in my wife?"

"Just curiosity," Roman said. "You see, it isn't every day that someone throws out a brand-new hat." He laughed lightly. "Nice-looking hat, too. You should see some of the horrors my wife brings home."

There was a pause. Then Jarvis said, "Would you mind telling me how you got this hat, Lieutenant?"

"For the moment, Professor, I'd rather not say."

"I threw this hat out more than an hour ago. Since when do the police investigate trash cans?"

"Just tell me why you were throwing it out. Doesn't your wife care for it any more? As I said, it looks brand new."

"It is new. But I just don't want it around."

"Wouldn't your wife have some objection?"

There was a creak as the Professor sat down in the wooden chair behind his desk.

"I'm beginning to find a strange implication in all this, Lieutenant. Are you trying to—accuse me of something?"

"No, just trying to gather some facts. For instance, I understand your wife went to visit her sister. In Peggotville, I believe. Am I right?"

The pause was longer.

"No," Jarvis said flatly. "As a matter of fact, there's no truth to that story."

"But you did tell people that's where she was?"

"Yes, I did. It was simpler than the truth."

"And what is the truth, Professor?"

Jarvis sighed.

"I suppose it's all right to tell you," he said. "I'm sure there's some kind of professional ethics in the police department which will respect my confidence. The truth is, Lieutenant, that my wife and I are subject to frequent and often violent quarrels. We had one about two months ago, and as a result—well, she walked out on me. I don't know where she went, and frankly, I don't care. That's all there is to it."

"And you haven't heard from her in all this time? I see." But there was scepticism in Roman's voice. "And there's nobody you can contact, no relative or friend?"

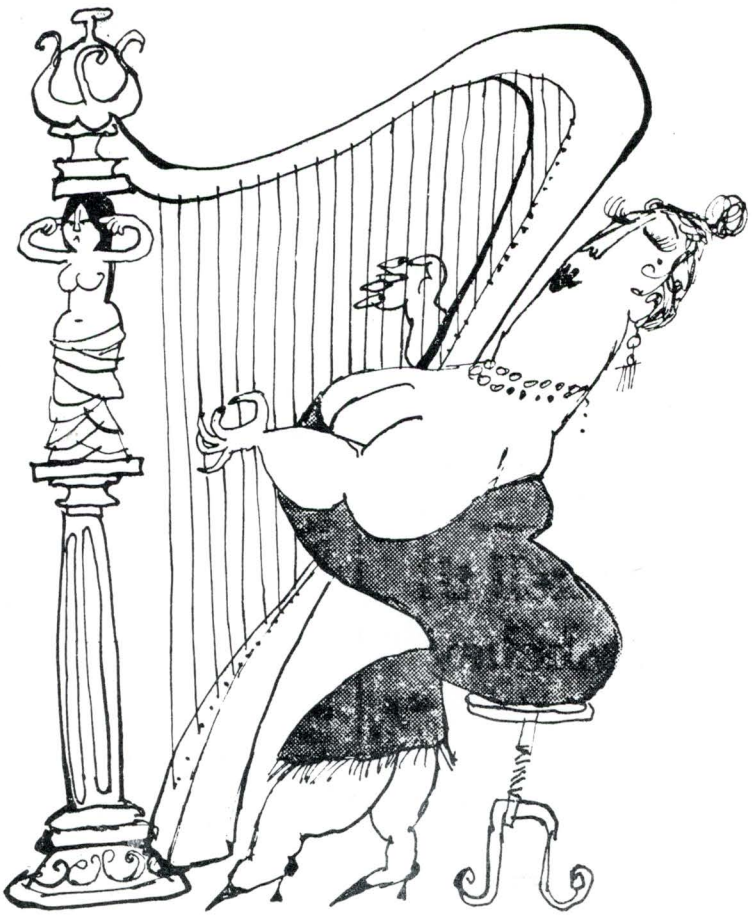
"Her sister was her only living relative and they were not on amicable terms. As for friends—" He snorted. "Margaret didn't like people."

"Then you don't have any actual proof that your wife walked out on you? No note, no telegram, no letter?"

"Nothing at all." He made a sound of annoyance. "Now really, Lieutenant, I wish you'd get to the point. If you have an accusation to make—"

"I'm not accusing you of anything."

"Not even making little guesses? Tiny speculations?" He laughed. "Oh, you've got a policeman's brain, all right. I can see the little wheels turning in your head. Why, you really think I might have—done away with Margaret."



"I didn't say that," Roman answered gravely.

"But that's what you're thinking, isn't it?" Now he laughed loudly, in the simulation of huge enjoyment. "Why, this is absolutely delicious! You actually suspect me of murder, don't you? You think I'm some kind of Crippen or Landru? Perhaps you think I chopped her into hamburgers and served her at the school cafeteria."

"I don't think murder's funny," Roman said stiffly.

"Then it is homicide you're thinking about?"

"If you want, Professor, I'll be blunt. If there's even the slightest possibility, it's my duty to investigate it. I don't doubt you're telling the truth, but you'll have to admit that you had sufficient motive for such a crime. And your recent actions . . . "

"Yes, I suppose I have been acting like a skulking scoundrel, haven't I? Telling lies about my wife's whereabouts, throwing out hats . . . " He chuckled. "But tell me how you think I might have done it, Lieutenant? Just from your professional point of view?"

"Well . . . " Roman cleared his throat. "Just as a thought, Professor, it strikes me that you might be the ideal sort of person to dispose of a body intelligently. I mean with your knowledge of biology, body chemistry—"

"Ah! So you think my special training equips me. Interesting! All right, then, And how, for instance might I have done the deed? Buried her, perhaps? I don't own a car, you know, and I couldn't very well carry Margaret on my back. Sneaked out on to the lawn and buried her? Dear, dear, I'm afraid my neighbours would have found the spectacle amusing."

"There are other ways."

"Perhaps I burned the body? I'm afraid that won't do, Lieutenant. My oil burner wouldn't accommodate the dear woman. Or maybe you think I dissected her, and mailed the remnants all over the country? If you check the post office, you'll find that I rarely send so much as a postcard. Of course, if you'd like to search the house, you have my permission."

Roman wasn't enjoying himself; the edge of his voice was sharper. "There are other ways, Professor, for instance—"

"Quicklime? My, Lieutenant, I'm afraid you weren't much of a chemistry student. Despite what you have heard, quicklime won't destroy a body; in fact, it actually preserves it. Oh, there are some powerful acids, of course, but do you realise the difficulty of their use? A truly corrosive acid wouldn't destroy only the body; it would also eat away the container—such as a bath-tub, for instance." He chuckled dryly. "No, Lieutenant, I might achieve partial destruction of a body, but not complete, total disintegration. I'm afraid I'm not that clever."

"Professor, I think you're laughing at me—"

"Do you think so? Yes, I suppose I am." Then his voice softened. "I'm sorry. I didn't

intend to make light of it. I suppose it's my own guilt . . . "

"Guilt?"

"Of course," Jarvis said wearily. "Do you think I haven't wished Margaret dead a thousand times? Wished that nagging tongue stilled for ever? But the human animal is a complicated beast, unfortunately. Because, in my own tormented fashion, Lieutenant, I still love my wife. I love her, isn't that incredible? And if she walked in that door now, I'd beg her to stay with me."

There was a moment of silence. Then Roman said:

"Professor, I want to apologise."

"What?"

"I'm sorry. But when those kids came in with the hat box—"

"Kids?"

"Students of yours. One of them's name is Hatch—he was coming to see you tonight when he saw you throw it away. But I wouldn't take it out on him, if I were you."

Jarvis smiled sadly. "Take it out on him? No, Lieutenant, I should apologise to Mr Hatch—to all my students. I know I've been criminally harsh to them lately; you can understand why. But you can tell Mr Hatch that he has nothing to worry about, not even his—indiscretion in class this afternoon."

"That's very fine of you, Professor." Roman stood up. "If there's anything I can do, to help find your wife—"

"I'm afraid finding her isn't the answer. Finding her won't make her want to return."

"Well, you can count on my help, if you need it."

"Thank you," the old man said gently.

They were going to the door; Perry scrambled out of hiding and made a dive for the automobile at the kerb. He was just climbing into the rear seat when Roman came out of the house and walked briskly towards them.

He opened the car door and jerked his thumb.

"All right," he said. "Out."

"What happened?" Dino said, wide-eyed. "Did you learn anything Lieutenant?"

"I learned something all right. I learned not to listen to a couple of nutty kids."

"But, Lieutenant—" Perry protested.

"Get out of there before I throw you out" Roman growled. "And the next time you decide to rob a trash can, you'd better not let me know about it!"

Professor Jarvis remained at his desk for another hour after the Lieutenant took his leave. Then he looked at his pocket watch, clucked, and wound it carefully. He stood up, a shaggy, bent figure, and headed for his bedroom.

Then he remembered the hatbox that was still on his desk. He returned and picked it up. On his way to the trash can, he paused at the end of the room and stopped before the skeleton hanging on silken black threads. It was an admirable skeleton, finely joined and in superb, almost new condition.

He placed the flowered hat on the skull.

"Good night, Margaret," he said pleasantly, and shuffled out of the room.

A Lucky Day for the Boar

continued from page 45/ The Duke said, 'I have, and it's horrible. A second is an eternity, or worse. I think I understand you now, Hyrax. Go on.'

'By means of concealed lamps, there was always a diffused light in the chamber which, by the judicious use of hot-air pipes was maintained at a constant temperature of precisely seventy-four degrees Fahrenheit. As his Excellency slept, his clothes were taken away and replaced by others, precisely the same in pattern, but just a little more worn. I also arranged that his clothes should be made progressively a hair's breadth larger, so that the young gentleman grew gradually convinced that he was becoming shrivelled and wasted with long imprisonment.'

'Oh, clever, clever!' cried the Duke, with a slight shudder. 'I think that, on the whole, given the choice, I'd choose the Iron Boot, the thumbscrew or the rack. Proceed.'

'Ah, but there is no question of *choice*, your Grace; for this method of mine depends for its effectiveness upon complete ignorance of the surrounding circumstances. Do I make myself clear?'

'Your object being, to plant a firm illusion that there has been a prolonged passage of time, when as a matter of fact, only hours have elapsed,' said the Duke.

'Just so,' said Hyrax. 'I have written a carefully annotated "Procedure" for your Grace's perusal. I can make four minutes last forty-eight hours, in the consciousness of the prisoner. I hasten to reassure your Grace that no common hand was laid on his Excellency, your nephew Stanislaus. His table was almost as well furnished as your Grace's own; only he had the delicacies of the season *out* of season. And, allowing for certain inevitable margins of error, the young gentleman seemed to live a long month in half an hour. Between your Grace's breakfast and dinner, he passed approximately a whole year.'

'Well,' said the Duke, 'that may teach the pup a lesson, not to plot against his poor old uncle, who used to think the world of him. Well, come to the point. What made Stanislaus betray his friends? They are my enemies, it is true, but . . . well, I think the worse of him notwithstanding.'

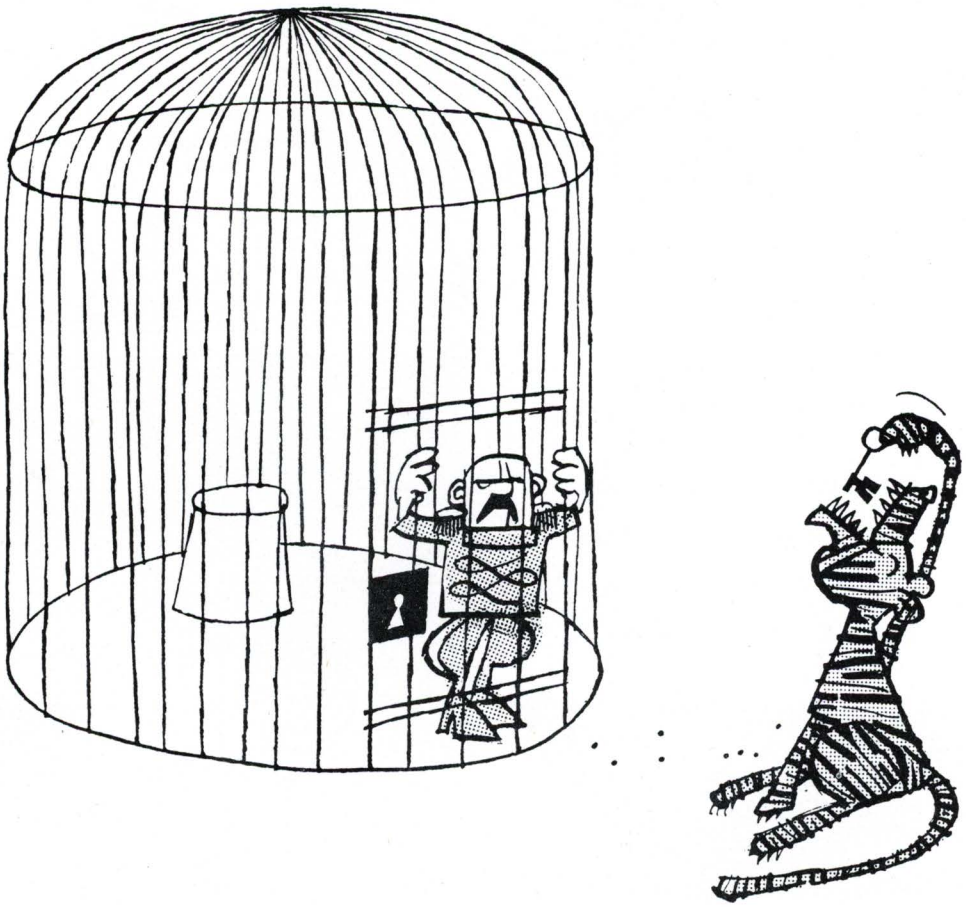
Colonel Hyrax said, 'But his Excellency did not betray his friends, your Grace.'

'Will you tell me what the devil you are talking about?' roared the Duke.

'I mean, he did not betray them wittingly.'

'Oh? If you have deranged the rascal with your dirty drugs—' began the Duke.

'No, no, your Grace. The drugs were used discreetly, and sparingly, and then only for the first three weeks. Time, Time, Time was the illusion with which I took the liberty of bedazzling the young gentleman—Time as Man knows it, through the contemplation of mere external change. /*continued overleaf*



Men and fashions seemed to come and go. Once, on my order, a guard let fall a newspaper. It was post-dated fifteen years; I had had one copy only printed before the type was broken up, and it was full of news of people and affairs his Excellency had never heard of.'

'Most damnably clever!' exclaimed the Duke. 'And my poor—I mean that wretched fellow who is supposed to be my brother's son, and couldn't even keep faith with his fellow-criminals: did he write nothing?'

'Only some verses, your Grace.'

'About me?'

'About worms. But I see that your Grace is anxious to be after the boar, so I will conclude for now. After the young gentleman had been in that chamber about forty days, the door was opened by a young officer in a strange uniform—grey, faced with yellow—and an older officer, in the same colours, but having a dolman trimmed with sable, came in, fell on his knees, and hailed your nephew as martyr, saviour and leader. The Duke, he said, was dead, the New Party was in power, and Stanislaus was to sit on your throne.'

The Duke laughed. 'Ha! And I suppose my nephew jumped for joy?'

'Not so, your Grace. He said—and I quote, so you will forgive me—he said, "The old ruffian was kind to me once upon a time." Then he said, "And all my friends. I suppose, are dead, or old—which is worse".'

'Aha!' cried the Duke, 'We are coming to it, now!'

'Yes, your Grace. The Commanding Officer said, "If you will tell me whom you mean, your Excellency, I shall immediately ascertain." Whereupon, your nephew recited a list of forty names, which are on the paper which I have the honour to place in your Grace's hand.'

'Hyrax,' said the Duke, 'you are *hellishly* clever! And my nephew—how is he?'

'I was listening to the proceedings at a concealed aperture, and did not see his Excellency at first. Then, when he came into my range of vision, I was astounded. For where, a few weeks before I had seen a sanguine young man of twenty-four, I now beheld a decrepit and enfeebled man of sixty!'

The Duke was silent. Colonel Hyrax pointed to the paper upon which the names of the conspirators were written. 'Your Grace will hang them?' he asked.

'No. I shall shock the wits out of them by pardoning them and make forty friends into the bargain. Where's Stanislaus?'

'Asleep, your Grace,' said Colonel Hyrax.

'You are an astonishingly clever man, Hyrax,' said the Duke. 'Did I not say that if you cleared this matter up I'd make a nobleman of you?'

'The work is its own reward, your Grace,' said Hyrax.

'No, you have earned my gratitude. I hereby confer upon you the Barony of Opa, with all lands, rents and revenues pertaining there unto.'

'Oh, your Grace! Words cannot express—'

'—Save them, then. Leave me, now.'

Hyrax having bowed himself out of his presence, the Duke called for his secretary. A soberly attired gentleman came in and made his obeisance. 'Your Grace?'

'Colonel Hyrax is now Colonel the Baron Opa. Make a note of it.'

'Yes, your Grace.'

The Duke paced the floor, tugging at his beard. 'And write me an order to the Lord Provost,' he said. 'Write as follows: "Bearing in mind the new dignity of Colonel Hyrax, whom we have recently created Baron of Opa, you will procure a silk cord and hang him forthwith." Scrawling his signature at the foot of this document, and impressing the warm wax with his great cornelian ring, the Duke muttered, 'One could no longer sleep with such a man awake. He is too clever by half.'

A nameless cold had crept into his heart. He looked long and anxiously at the morning sun, and listened with more than usual attention to the portentous ticking of a great bronze clock. Presently, he said to his secretary, 'Dismiss the men. I hunt no boar today.'

'Yes, your Grace.'

'I desire to see Stanislaus.'

'Shall he be sent for?'

'No, I go to him.'

The secretary, a good-hearted man, ventured to ask, 'Oh please, your Grace—is it your gracious intention magnanimously to pardon the unhappy young gentleman?'

The Duke growled. 'Go. My Grace's intention is humbly to beg the unlucky young gentleman, out of his magnanimity, *to pardon me*.'

* * *

The proprietor said, 'You gave this person five dollars, you say?'

'He asked twenty,' said the Editor 'I advanced him five.'

'And what does the confounded author call himself?'

'Ethan Arthur Poland. Confidentially, I think he's the man who wrote "The Raven," Edgar Poe, no less.'

'You throw my dollars about like rice at a wedding, my friend. Yes. You have my leave to print. Let the fellow have five dollars more, if he presses. A Latin title is a drug, sir, a drug. Take a title out of context,' said Mr Bozman, 'out of context, out of context. And since I am paying for the job and writing it too, sign it Bozman—John Helliwell Bozman. Incidentally, you owe me five dollars.'

So saying, the proprietor of *The Baltimore General Press* walked sedately out of doors.

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